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A Vindication of the Bull "Apostolicæ Curæ."

THE Bishops have done a much-needed work by their *Vindication of the Bull "Apostolicæ Curæ."*¹ There are a large number of earnest Christians in the Church of England who have been the prey of certain boisterous controversialists on the subject of Anglican Orders, and are persuaded that when the Holy Father vouchsafed to give his reasons for his decision in the Bull of October, 1896, he weakened his case and exposed himself to crushing rejoinders from the Anglican side. It is better to look the facts in the face in a matter like this, and it seems to be simply the fact that, absurd as it may appear to a Catholic, a strong delusion on this subject is in danger of taking its place amongst the many Anglican traditions that stand for reasoned conclusions.

But besides the victims of this curious delusion, there are a great many whose minds are thoroughly unsettled as to the future of the Church of England. Can she make head against so decided a pronouncement as the *Apostolicæ Curæ*? It is all very well to put a bold face on the matter and adopt the optimistic creed of the late Archbishop of Canterbury—but, they ask themselves, can this last for long? And it must be remembered that as no one in the Church of England believes in her as a Catholic believes in the Catholic and Roman Church—seeing, that is, that the strongest conviction as to the position of the Church of England amounts only to a natural conclusion, a very different matter from that faith in the Catholic Church which is the offspring of Divine grace—and considering that natural conclusions partake of the insecurity of nature—all such questions as, Where is the Church of England going? appeal to their minds with tremendous force. They cannot but feel the need of weighing their steps; they cannot

¹ *A Vindication of the Bull "Apostolicæ Curæ,"* or, *Letter to the Anglican Archbishops of Canterbury and York.* By the Cardinal Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of Westminster. London: Longmans and Co.

be satisfied with a blind obedience to a system that does not even pretend to say the last word, or to speak with infallible security. Every shock, it is felt, leaves its mark on the system, and suggests the possibility of one final shock which will put an end to it altogether. In such a state of things, an incident such as the issue of the *Apostolicæ Curæ* is calculated to diminish the security that a thoughtful mind can feel as to the future of the religious system which started in England in the middle of the sixteenth century. Every hand should be stretched out to help these tortured minds. Every misapprehension that adds to the mist in which these our friends live, should be as far as possible dissipated—and who can do this better than those with whom at this hour the burden of the Apostolic office rests in England?

Our Bishops have taken their place, if we may be permitted to say so, most happily and courageously in this Apostolic work, by their vindication of the Bull from the misapprehensions which have gathered round it. There are always those who would prefer authority to rest on a lofty shelf and never descend to mix with the workers below. And no doubt it is often best that authority should simply utter its mind and leave its utterance to find its way to the minds and hearts that are open to its teaching. But in this particular case the Holy Father has chosen a different course; and our Bishops have seen fit to follow in his steps. The very fact that so authoritative a pronouncement from the infallible head of the Church should have been issued with a statement of its reasons, opens the door naturally to such a vindication as that which the Catholic Bishops of England have just published. Indeed, the peculiar circumstances of the case seem to call for peculiar measures. Some years ago a decision against Anglican Orders would not have provoked so much as a frown. It is not so long ago since an Archbishop of Canterbury told a clergyman, who was aggrieved at the Bishop of London claiming Apostolic Succession, that there were not two bishops on the bench who held that doctrine. But now, the possession of that succession, with some supernatural power attached to it, however ill-defined in many cases, has become the treasure of treasures to a very large number of earnest men in the ministry and lay ranks of the Church of England. The Bull, therefore, touched a most exposed part: it is a chilling shower poured upon them just as they were sunning themselves in the warmth of a fancied priesthood,

possessing all that would make their office an adequate reason for upholding the position of their religious system. No pains can be too great to clear away all misapprehension in a matter of such moment as this. And therefore the appearance of a document such as the *Vindication of the "Apostolicæ Curæ"* by our united Episcopate seems most timely and helpful.

And when we turn from the mere fact of its issue, to the document itself, we seem entitled to say something more than this. Gentleness is a sign of greatness; and tenderness is said to be the appanage of a pure heart. And if an instance of single-heartedness and that greatness which belongs to an authoritative position, should hereafter be asked for in modern controversy, it does not seem too much to say that we might point to this really gentle and tender remonstrance as at least one of the best instances that could be given.

With these preliminary remarks, we venture to select a few points which seem of special importance in the Bishops' *Vindication*.

The main defence set up for Anglican Orders in the last few years has been of the nature of a *distinguo*. "You say," argues the Anglican, "that the Reformers repudiated the Sacrifice of the Altar. But we must 'distinguish'—the Sacrifice of the Altar, as taught by the Church of Rome *now*, was repudiated—this we admit; the Sacrifice of the Altar as taught by the Primitive Church was repudiated—this we deny." Consequently, Catholics are driven to ask, what is the difference which you profess to draw between these doctrines? You are asked, in all reason, and we ask you with all the courtesy, albeit with all the earnestness of which we are capable, to say distinctly wherein exactly the difference lies. The tremendous change which revolutionized the whole face of things in the sixteenth century must have had something definite at bottom—what was it which necessitated a new Ordinal, a new Missal, so to speak, new ritual and new structures in the most sacred parts of the churches throughout the land? What, according to your teaching, did the primitive Church hold which justified a change in the whole structure of the liturgy, ordinal, fabric, and vestments, of the *central service* of the Church? We will tell you, we are only too glad to tell you, what we on our part hold to be the teaching of the Primitive Church; may we not fairly ask that you will tell us what is the Gospel of Eucharistic teaching which you conceive to be that of your own "fathers,"

as you claim them to be, in the sixteenth century, so accordant, as you consider, with the doctrine of the earliest times? Some of your co-religionists imitate everything that we do, even to what they consider Reservation and Benediction—are these in accord with your teaching? Many more have evening and afternoon celebrations of your Communion-service, and teach a doctrine which finds its place in the pages of Jewel and Hoadley—are these in accord with your teaching?

Such questions as these have been put again and again in books and pamphlets; but the peculiar feature of the hour is that the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and the rest of the Catholic Hierarchy in England have put the question to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, in a letter addressed to their Graces in the interests of that union which they themselves, in their Lambeth Conference, have declared to be in accordance with the mind of Christ. The Bishops have led the way, and stated with the utmost distinctness what they consider to be defined truth, and where definition stops. This portion of the *Vindication*¹ will doubtless be of real value in our work in England. Although there is nothing in it that has not been taught from end to end of the land in Catholic pulpits and other instructions, still it is a gain to have from the living Episcopate a statement like this, in so handy a shape, and so exactly calculated to meet the difficulties which are often felt outside.

But besides this plain account of their own teaching, the Bishops have shown that beyond question those who drew up the Anglican Ordinal meant a great deal by the change. Cranmer was the moving spirit; and Cranmer is seen here as the persistent teacher of doctrine distinctly opposed to that which is held by the advanced section of the Church of England. Cranmer's teaching was that of the majority of those who had to do with the composition of the Ordinal; Cranmer's teaching was clearly the teaching of that Ordinal, which thus stands convicted of a very definite intention, an intention to supersede and obliterate the teaching of the Catholic Church on the subject of the Real Presence. For it is on this that all turns; a Sacrifice that does not mean a Real Objective Presence of the Victim is not the Sacrifice of the Catholic Church. A priest ordained to offer something short of the Adorable Victim of Calvary under the species of bread and wine is not the priest

¹ Pp. 23—33.

contemplated in the Catholic rite of ordination. But Cranmer distinctly and persistently denied such a priesthood as belonging to the new Covenant, and framed his Ordinal accordingly. If, therefore, it is possible for man to break the succession—and who would deny the possibility?—Cranmer snapped the link that bound him to his predecessors in the Catholic line of ministry—snapped it, that is, for those who consented to be ordained by his new-fangled rite. The account of Cranmer's teaching given in the *Vindication* is, perhaps, the most complete that has yet appeared.

Another point that the *Vindication* brings out with great distinctness, is the insufficiency of the form in the new Ordinal, regarded simply by itself, apart from all questions of intention. The words there accompanying the imposition of hands do not signify the Sacrament of Orders—either that of the priest, or of the Bishop. They neither contain the word priest, nor the thing meant by the word. The *Vindication* here deals, it will be confessed by all, very gently with the Archbishops. Their Graces have committed a prodigious blunder. For whereas the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ* had said that it was necessary that either the order itself should be mentioned, or else the power and grace of the order conferred, the Archbishops have set to work to prove that there are some ancient Ordinals in which the order itself is not mentioned by name, and some in which the power and grace of the particular order is not stated. Clearly this proves nothing as against the statement of the Bull. This confusion in the logic of the matter is a reflection of the entire mass of answers from Anglican writers. Let them produce an Ordinal in which neither the Order, nor the grace and power of the Order conferred, occur in the form, or words conveying the signification of the rite at the time when the Sacrament is effected, *i.e.*, when the matter is posited, and they will have proved something; as it is, they have proved nothing. On this point the *Vindication* expresses itself with great gentleness but distinct firmness in the following words:

You have failed to observe the word "or" in the proposition in which the Bull states what the requirements are. The proposition is disjunctive. The rite for the priesthood, the Pope says, "must definitely express the sacred Order of the priesthood *or* its grace and power, which is chiefly the power of consecrating and offering the true Body and Blood of the Lord." You do not seem to have perceived the importance of this little word "or," and have taken it to be the

equivalent of "and." What Leo XIII. means is that the Order to which the candidate is being promoted must be distinctly indicated *either* by its accepted name, *or* by an explicit reference to the grace and power which belongs to it. . . . Nor is such a disjunctive statement unreasonable, for in the Catholic Church the alternative phrases are perfectly equivalent.¹

Hence, as the *Vindication* adds, "the long disquisition of sections xii. and xiii." in the Archbishops' *Responsio* are irrelevant. It was one main result of the investigations made by the recent commissions at Rome, that the researches of modern scholarship have been unable to discover a single ordination rite accepted by the Catholic Church which does not comply with the rule laid down in the Bull. Moreover, it is of the essence of such a rite, that it should thus signify the order in one of the two ways stated; it would not else fulfil the conditions of a Sacrament. The Anglican rite in 1552, did not thus signify the order conferred; *ergo*, the Anglican ordinations were not of the nature of a Sacrament. The heading to this important section is "a strange misconception in the *Responsio*." It will be admitted that this gentle description of a fatal flaw in the Archbishops' reasoning does not transgress the limits of the most exquisite courtesy.

But not the least important part of the *Vindication* is to be found in the Appendices. The way in which the difficulty raised by the *Instructio pro Armenis*, delivered by Eugenius IV. after the Council of Florence, is dealt with in the second Appendix, is calculated to render it impossible for that Instruction to be quoted again in this controversy in the way in which it has been adduced by the Archbishops. That utterance of Eugenius IV. concerned the delivery of the instruments of sacrifice in the ordinations of priests. The necessity or non-necessity of this action in Latin rites of ordination is not touched upon by Leo XIII. It is left on one side, as not entering into the question of Anglican ordinations. Those ordinations are invalid by reason of the insufficiency of the form in itself, as not complying with the essential feature of a Sacrament, as such—not signifying what is effected by the Sacrament. Hence the further question of whether, supposing that the form had contained a word, or words, signifying sacrificial power, the Anglican rite would still be insufficient through the disuse of the delivery of the instruments, did not

¹ P. 46.

come under consideration. It was not necessary that it should. Hence the *Instructio pro Armenis* has no bearing on the subject as it presented itself *in concreto* to the Holy See. All that has been said—and a great deal has been said—about the Holy Father having dropped certain contentions of theologians on this subject of the delivery of the instruments (in the case of a priest, the paten and chalice), is so much waste of breath.

Another matter dealt with in a separate Appendix is that of the Abyssinian ordinations. It is shown that the sentence so often quoted as declaring that the imposition of hands and the words *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum*, would render an ordination valid, if used by a validly consecrated Bishop, is no decision of the Holy See, but a repudiated vote. And a very complete treatment of the history of the case, which has given so much trouble, or seemed to afford so much justification, to our Anglican friends, is compressed into little more than three pages.¹

So that this shilling pamphlet of 122 pages is, in fact, a little manual on the subject of Anglican Orders. We are looking forward to the publication of a very exhaustive work on the same subject, by Monsignor Moyes ; meanwhile the *Vindication* will be of use as a concise *conspectus* of the whole matter.

But there is one subject, connected with that of Anglican Orders, on which a most valuable Appendix is given on pages 116—121. A controversy has recently arisen as to the teaching of the Russian Church on the dogma of Transubstantiation. It has been claimed that she does not profess to define so far as the "Roman Catholic" Church does. She draws the line at Transubstantiation, defining, so it has been said, the Real Objective Presence, but not insisting on the cessation of the substance of bread and wine after consecration. At the Synod of Bethlehem, when a Patriarch of Constantinople was condemned for heresy on the subject of the Real Presence—as well as for denying that the "Apocrypha" was part of the inspired Scriptures, that the saints are to be invoked, and that our Blessed Lady is to be honoured with a special *cultus* above all the saints—it was said with regard to Transubstantiation that "we by no means think it explains the mode in which the bread and wine are converted into the Body and Blood of the Lord, for this is altogether incomprehensible, and impossible for any one to understand, but God alone." This has been claimed by some Anglicans as harmonizing with their own practice of deprecating

¹ Pp. 89—92.

definition and of asserting that they believe in the Real Presence but forbear from defining the mode of that Presence, by which they mean that they refuse to say that it is effected by Transubstantiation. And it has been said that the Russian Church is with them, in not teaching that the accidents alone remain after consecration.

To this contention a well-known Russian theologian, Provost Maltzew, has quite recently given an unequivocal denial. He shows that when the Synod of Bethlehem asserted its incapacity to define the mode of the Presence, it meant only that it could not define *beyond* the point laid down, which was that the Presence is effected by a conversion of the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ. And he asserts that the cessation of the substances of bread and wine is the teaching under anathema of the whole of the Orthodox Churches. Their doctrine includes Transubstantiation; beyond *that*, man cannot define: but any one who refuses to go as far as that, is under the anathema of the whole array of particular Orthodox Churches. The fact is, that all which has transpired of late makes it more than ever evident that whatever courtesies have been exchanged between Anglican dignitaries and Russian ecclesiastics, Anglican teaching remains under anathema in the eye of every Orthodox Church. In their case nothing, says Provost Maltzew, but "conversion" can effect reunion. In the course of his remarks he places himself expressly and entirely on the side of the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*. At the same time he says that "the Holy Church does not unlovingly turn away from persons belonging to those other confessions [such as the Anglican, which he has just mentioned], union with which she regards as impossible." Neither, it may be added, does the Catholic Church herself in communion with the See of Peter. She would not do some things that commend themselves as courtesies, in the case of travelling dignitaries from "those other confessions," both for fear of their being mistaken as actual steps towards reunion and as condoning heresy and schism; but she will take every pains to remove obstacles, an instance of which we have hailed in the *Vindication of the Bull "Apostolicæ Curæ,"* by the entire Catholic Hierarchy in England and Wales.

LUKE RIVINGTON, D.D.

Contributions towards a Life of Father Henry Garnet, S.J.

II.—MISSIONARY LIFE IN ENGLAND.

ON their departure from Rome for the English Mission, Fathers Garnet and Southwell received from the General of the Society a code of instructions, with which the narrative of their proceedings may fitly be introduced, though to a large class of readers they will doubtless prove extremely disappointing and unimportant, as being altogether unlike the directions which Jesuits setting out on such an enterprise might be expected to receive.¹

Instructions for Fathers Garnet and Southwell going to England.
(March 24, 1586.)

On the journey, Father Henry [Garnet] will be the Superior of the Mission, and Father Robert [Southwell] will be his confessor and admonitor. When, however, they reach England, Father William Weston will be their Superior, as of all members of the Society there. Should he die, or be taken, or should access to him become impossible, Father Henry will remain Superior.

So long as there shall be no opportunity of confessing to one of the Society, they may confess to an extern, unless there be need of faculties for reserved cases—which God forbid.

On the way, if parish priests do not object, or in places where there is no ordinary jurisdiction, they may preach the Word of God and hear confessions, with licence to absolve from heresy and the reading of forbidden books, in places beyond the mountains [*i.e.*, outside of Italy].

Leave is granted them to receive and disburse moneys in England, so far as seems necessary for God's service, even that which they receive from penitents by way of satisfaction, to be distributed in alms or for pious objects; provided it be uncertain to whom it is owing.²

They are to be bound only to that Mass which is to be said every

¹ Stonyhurst MSS. A. v. 1 (2). Copy. Latin.

² This clause has reference to the vow of poverty; Religious who have taken such a vow being prohibited from all dealing with money unless thus authorized.

week for Our [*i.e.*, the General's] intention, and even this may be omitted should they judge that circumstances so require.¹

Permission is granted for the publication of small tracts in defence of the faith or for the good of Catholics, at the discretion of Father William Weston.

Should it become necessary to quit the kingdom, they may betake themselves anywhere, but not to Scotland without asking the opinion of Ours in that country, nor to Ireland without permission from Father Weston.

Any one of the Society, even a laic [lay-brother], is empowered to dispense priests of the Society from irregularity *ex defectu lenitatis*, should it chance to be incurred.²

All faculties are communicated to Father Weston which according to the compendium of privileges of the Society are granted to Provincials, and Superiors subordinate to them; or similarly to Father Henry, if, as has been said, it should chance that he be constituted Superior of this Mission.

Such were the official instructions given to the new missionaries, and it will probably be acknowledged that no great harm is to be detected in them. It becomes necessary, however, to inquire, how far the action of Father Garnet and his brethren was in harmony with so edifying a programme. Did they come to England with no other object than the spiritual good of their countrymen? or had they rather deep ulterior designs, involving political revolution and civil strife?

To such a question, as has already been observed, a reply is furnished by Father Garnet's confidential correspondence during the period of nearly twenty years, when, as Superior of his fellow-Jesuits in England, it was his duty to carry out the instructions he received from Rome, or to furnish his Superiors there with information as to the state of things and the prospects of religion in this country. It is the evidence thus afforded that I shall now proceed to examine.

Concerning the earlier years of Father Garnet's life in England we have little information, and none regarding the

¹ Priests of the Society are bound to celebrate for various other intentions, monthly or weekly, as for benefactors, for the Society, &c.

² This somewhat puzzling provision appears to regard some contingency likely to occur. Irregularity *ex defectu lenitatis* is incurred by a priest who inculpably sheds blood or co-operates in its shedding. (Should there be fault on his part, the irregularity is not *ex defectu*, but *ex delicto*.) At the time of which we are treating, theologians gave a wide scope to this irregularity, some holding it to be incurred not only by a cleric who performed a surgical operation (and blood-letting was then a frequent practice), but by a priest who was present at an execution. It seems probable that something of this kind was contemplated in the above clause.

period prior to his assumption of authority upon the imprisonment of Father Weston; but as time goes on, his letters and those addressed to him become so numerous, that it is impossible to reproduce them all in full. Father Garnet, it must be confessed, was exceedingly diffuse in his treatment of certain topics, and could tell a long story. Moreover, he frequently repeated himself, dwelling upon the same points again and again. To print his letters as they remain *in extenso*, would be wearisome and useless. At the same time, it is of the utmost importance that the fullest possible evidence should be presented to the reader, on which a sound and satisfactory judgment may be based as to the objects which he really had at heart, and strove to promote during the course of his missionary career, whether it were in truth for the sake of religion, or for political schemes, that he laboured so earnestly and endured so much. Every passage will accordingly be cited which can shed any light upon this question.¹ It will, however, be necessary in various instances to summarize his somewhat prolix narrative, such summaries being placed within brackets. As will be seen, the great bulk of the correspondence is addressed to the General of the Society, Claudius Aquaviva, or to his vicar for English affairs, Father Parsons. It is obvious that in writing to them Garnet expressed his genuine sentiments without disguise.

The occasional use of cipher, to which we have no key, leaves us in ignorance of the matters treated in some letters, which are presumably of prime importance. When, however, the key can be had, as is sometimes the case, we find that this method of concealment was adopted—as Garnet incidentally remarks²—“to cover our business of religion,” when persons had to be named, or circumstances which might bring individuals into trouble.

Another plan was constantly adopted to obviate such a danger; phrases, seemingly insignificant, being used with a preconcerted meaning, which would be understood by those

¹ For the present, I shall omit all mention of the unhappy dissensions which dislocated the Catholic body in the last years of Elizabeth, and in which from his official position Father Garnet was necessarily involved. To intermingle this with other topics would, I think, obscure the point most interesting to Englishmen, viz., the true scope of Catholic missionary enterprise; while the internal disputes of the Catholics, most conveniently described as the Appellant Controversy, are of such importance as to demand separate treatment. I hope to be able, at some future time, to prepare for publication the matter I have collected upon this subject.

² To Parsons, April 16, 1603.

to whom the letters were addressed, but not by others into whose hands they might fall, it being found that this mode of disguise was less calculated to excite suspicion than the use of cipher. Thus, Garnet speaks of himself as "Henry," of Parsons as "Mark," and of the General of the Society, Father Claudius Aquaviva, as "Claude." Parsons' aged mother (of whom the English Fathers took charge) is "the old woman;" priests are "workmen;" Jesuits, "journeymen;" the Catholics committed to his care are styled his "creditors;" the archpriest is "customer." *Aliases* were also freely employed by priests serving the English Mission.

One other point must be noticed. Frequent mention will be found of the meetings of the Jesuit Fathers at certain periods for the renewal of their vows, to which, as already explained, those not yet admitted to their profession are bound by the rules of the Society. This renovation is preceded by three days of recollection and prayer, and to this practice, as will be seen, Father Garnet attached great importance, for the preservation amongst his subjects of the religious spirit—most of their time being spent apart from one another and from him, amidst distracting surroundings. He therefore continued to convene these assemblages even when it might well appear imprudent to hold them, and when they were, in fact, occasions of special danger to himself and his brethren.

Thus much being premised, the letters may now be left to speak for themselves.¹

*Garnet to Aquaviva, Sept. 1, 1589.*²

I wrote to your Lordship last month from the midland parts of the island, where I then resided, since which time I have come to London to transact important business with our creditors in the Paschal meeting.³ A large number of them came together. On my arrival, I found all, of all classes, in a terrible state of affliction and disquiet, on account of the condemnation of a certain most noble Earl [the Earl of Arundel], who, being taken when endeavouring to leave the kingdom,

¹ The sources from which my information is principally drawn, are (i) The Collection termed *Anglia* (nine vols.), containing chiefly either original documents or contemporary copies. (ii) The *Collectanea* of Father Christopher Grene (*ob.* 1697), which work includes both originals, full transcripts of some documents, and compendious summaries of others. Its various parts were designated by letters of the alphabet, several of them being now lost. It is that distinguished as *P* which deals with Father Garnet. Both the *Anglia* and the *Collectanea* belong to Stonyhurst.

² Grene, *P.* f. 555. Latin.

³ "Ut in comitiis paschalibus negotia cum creditoribus serio tractem." By this phrase is evidently signified a gathering of Catholics to receive the sacraments.

has spent four entire years in prison, apart from his family, with no comfort but that of a good conscience, inasmuch as he aimed at nothing else than to be a Catholic, and to betake himself to a land where he might live as one. Now at length being arraigned, partly on false charges, partly on account of his steadfastness in the Catholic faith and practice, he was condemned to death on the 14th of April, to the great sorrow of the heretics themselves. The principal charge against him, and that on which all turned, was of having asked a priest to pray for the good success of the Spanish fleet [the Armada], the truth being that in the Tower of London, and other prisons, continual prayer was made by the prisoners—the hours of day and night being distributed amongst them—especially at that time, when all expected a universal massacre. His accusers could bring home to him no other prayer than this as having been solicited, and of two informers who bore witness against him, one by letter begged the Earl's pardon, though in his inconstancy returning to his vomit, he repeated the charge, and was held to be a sufficient witness against a Catholic. This, however, must ever be remembered, that, although these witnesses were rightly inadmissible, the fact having been held by the judges as established (to wit, that the Earl had begged prayers for the Spanish fleet), it was a subject of long discussion whether to pray for that fleet were high treason, and many [of the peers] declaring that they could not agree to this, they summoned and consulted the judges of the realm, whose order, formerly most venerable, is now held in much contempt. Some of the judges declined to give their opinion; others, however, gave it, adding, moreover, that those who thought otherwise were themselves liable to a charge of high treason; whereupon the matter was decided in accordance with this verdict. It is said that in this conference, wherein some refused to condemn the Earl, Cecil, the Treasurer,¹ swore on peril of his soul that he would not be put to death, for the Queen was anxious only for his condemnation. Being asked if he had anything to reply, the Earl merely exclaimed, "God's will be done."

[Other charges against him were that he had written to Cardinal Allen, that he had harboured priests, that he had been reconciled to the Catholic Church, that he had been constantly disposed to promote the Catholic cause, which included, as they maintained, all the treasons devised by priests, Jesuits, Campion, Allen, and the Pope himself.]

Every Catholic prepares for his own lot, which though it may be deferred, cannot be escaped, unless God speedily intervene. In the meanwhile we console ourselves with the thought of the tranquillity which those who come after us will one day enjoy, and of the good that this tempest must do ourselves if we be not wanting in our duty. One thing afflicts not only us who are eye-witnesses, but you also who are with us in spirit—to see so many souls falling into perdition, who cannot be saved but with the Queen's consent, yet wish to be so. Let your Lordship, with your usual charity, take counsel for them and for

¹ Viz., William Cecil, Lord Burghley.

all of us, so far as you can. All of Ours, that is, of Yours, are well. Four of the veterans met the day before yesterday; the juniors were not with us, but they are in good health, and make much progress, with His aid whom your prayers conciliate on our behalf. May God keep your Lordship. Sept. 1st, 1589.

Garnet to Aquaviva, September 12, 1589.¹

I greatly desire that this young man, of approved piety, learning, and honesty, should be recommended to you. He will at present teach you how to read our letters, that in like manner you may afterwards read others.² We greatly desire a Welshman of the Society.³ Everything here is full of perils, for the fall of some has frightened others, and many of us are wandering homeless; for some have recently been sent from Rheims, whom those at Rheims deem not worthy of the priesthood, who, as they cannot rule themselves, and desire to rule others, lead to trouble. Ours, by God's grace, preserve their dignity, on which account we owe great thanks to your Reverence for having so much assisted us. The outlet for our letters is almost closed, but I will take care, as opportunity offers, frequently to inform you of all our affairs. I have nothing else to write at present, but all of us who belong to the Society commend ourselves again and again to your Holy Sacrifices and prayers. Farewell. From England, 12 September, 1589.

Your Reverence's unworthy servant in Christ, HENRY G.

Bellarmino to Cresswell, Paris, Feb. 19, 1590.⁴

. . . I am rejoiced to hear news of our Father Henry Garnet, whom I have always greatly loved on account of his virtue; but I always feel sure that when he has spent himself sufficiently in labour for the help of souls, his reward will be the crown of martyrdom, and should it so happen, I trust to have a good patron in Heaven, unless indeed it be my lot to pass first from this life, being older than he, and having long been his spiritual father.

Garnet to Aquaviva, March 2, 1590.⁵

Honoured Lord:⁶ We all came together within these few days, and conferred of your Lordship's business, both earnestly and with great consolation, for since both the nature of our work and the state

¹ Original, Stonyhurst MSS. *Anglia*, i. 41. Latin.

² This may refer either to a cipher, or to letters written in orange juice, which became visible only when held to the fire. Father Henry Walpole wrote to Cresswell, August 22, 1591, "I send 2 blankes from Mr. J. Gerard, . . . you must put them in fear of the fire to make them speak." (*Anglia*, i. 58.)

³ "Wallum Societatis valde desideramus." This was, doubtless, for the benefit of Catholics in Wales, then very numerous.

⁴ English College, Rome, *Scripture*, vol. iii. n. 18. Italian.

⁵ Grene, *P. f.* 555. Latin. As Father Garnet seems usually, but not always, to reckon his years from January 1st, and not, as in England at the time, from March 25th, this is probably 1589-90.

⁶ "Magnifice Domine."

of the times, keep us so much apart, your Lordship can imagine what a joy it is even to see one another, to say nothing of the progress of this work, which, considering the barrenness of this soil, and the difficulty of commerce, is by no means matter for regret. In general I may say, thanks be to God, that whether we regard bodily or spiritual health, or the approbation of the good, or the fruit of our labours, such as they are, everything is, I will not say as your Lordship would wish, but as he might look for. Nor do we doubt that then at length the result will correspond to your desires when, by your prayers and endeavours, a way is opened for us to freer trade. We are awaiting a Welshman, with a companion, whether Welsh or otherwise.¹

[He then relates the fate of a blaspheming Puritan, who was possessed by the devil.]

Your Lordship will excuse us if we write less frequently than we should, and will assure himself that it is so great a pleasure to us to write, that no privation could afflict us more than to be hindered of the opportunity we previously had of writing oftener. We earnestly commend ourselves to your Lordship's more than fatherly care, and to your holy prayers. 2nd of March.

In 1592, Father Garnet's former travelling companion, Robert Southwell, the poet, fell into the hands of the Government, the event being reported to head-quarters in a letter more than usually guarded in its phraseology.

*Garnet to [Parsons?] July 26, 1592, N.S.*²

After my hearty commendations. I sent you letters of late, which I hope came to your hands, concerning our merchandize, and manner of writing, which I would willingly understand of. We are like to have here a very plentiful year, so that we may make great commodity of corn, if we be secret in our course, whereof you shall know more by the next opportunity. We would willingly understand some of your news, for all foreign matters are here concealed. All our news here is of taking of Jesuits and priests with great hope of discovery of high treasons, but mountains many times prove molehills. Of late, even the fifth of July, being Sunday,³ at one Mr. Bellamy's house, 8 miles from London, was apprehended one Southwell, a Jesuit, a man by report very learned, and one that for many good and rare parts in him had settled a general good liking in all that either knew him or had heard of him. The manner of his taking I have heard related in this sort. He rode to the said house on Sunday morning, and there said

¹ "Wallum aliquem cum socio, sive Wallo sive alio, expectamus."

² *Archiv. Westmon.* iv. p. 305. This is a copy made by the celebrated Mr. Richard Verstegan from Garnet's original. It is remarkable that the New Style of reckoning days should be used, not only in the heading, but in the body of the letter, for Garnet habitually used Old Style. The change was perhaps made by the copyist, who notes that the date given is "Stylo novo."

³ The 5th of July, 1592, N.S. was Sunday, O.S. Wednesday.

Mass, purposing the next morning a further journey. In the mean, by some means (whereof the certainty is not known),¹ his being there was discovered to some in authority, and about midnight came Mr. Topcliffe (a famous persecutor of Papists),² accompanied with one Mr. Barnes, a justice and dwelling near the place, and young Mr. Fitzherbert and divers others, and so beset the house that none could escape. Then commanded he the doors to be opened; which done, he entered and first bound all the men in the house, then called for the gentlewoman, for he himself (I mean Bellamy) was not at home, and presently willed her to deliver him one Mr. Cotton (for so was he then named that came that day to her house), which she at first very stoutly denied. In fine, either overcome with threats, or, as she sayeth, her secret place whereinto she had conveyed him being betrayed, she yielded to deliver him, which she performed, speedily fetching him there. Whom as soon as Topcliffe had sight of, he offered to run at him with his drawn rapier, calling him traitor, which he denying, he demanded what he was: he answered, a gentleman; nay, saith he, a priest and a traitor; he bade him prove it; whereat he would again have run at him with his rapier, urging him that he denied his priesthood; he said no,—“but,” quoth he, “it is neither priest nor treason that you seek for, but only blood, and if mine will satisfy you, you shall have it with as good a will as ever any one’s, and if mine will not satisfy, I do not doubt but you shall find many more as willing as myself, only, I would advise you to remember there is a God, and He is just in His judgment, and therefore blood will have blood, but I rather wish your conversion”—or some like speeches to like effect. This done, Topcliffe dispatched Fitzherbert to the Court to tell what good service he had done, and so fell to searching of the house, finding there much massing stuff, papistical books and pictures, all which he caused to be laid in a cart, which was ready provided, and sent to his lodging at Westminster, whither also by 6 of the clock in the morning, he had brought the said Jesuit. And so the rumour thereof came presently unto us merchants, from the Court, where there was both joy, and, I think, some sorrow for his taking. All that day he remained in Topcliffe’s house, and the next night he was carried close prisoner to the Gatehouse. He hath been examined divers times, by Topcliffe and others, as by Mr. Killigrew, Mr. Wood, Mr. Beal, and Mr. Young, by order from the Council, both jointly and severally. In all which examinations they can get nothing but that he is a priest and a religious man, true to the Queen and State, free from all treasons, only doing and attending his functions. It is reported by some, and very credibly, that he hath been tortured; as by being hanged by the hands, put in irons, kept from sleep, and

¹ The betrayer was Anne Bellamy, a daughter of the house, once a zealous Catholic, who had been depraved by Topcliffe in the Gatehouse Prison, where she was confined as an obstinate recusant.

² A notorious priest-hunter and torturer.

such-like devices, to such men usual; but hereof there is no certainty. I write this long discourse because I know you shall find many his favourites there that will report it more plausible to the Papists, and therefore I thought good to advertise you the sole truth as far as I could any way learn. And what I shall learn further you shall be certified of, either by myself or John Falkner, whom you may credit. London is at this season so hot that for my health I mean to take the country air for a season, uncertain of my time of return, but you may hold on your course, I will leave some one in trust to receive and answer. I wrote how my merchant was arrested, but his elder brother hath undertaken his business, who with all other friends are well; and thus troubling you with this tedious and unnecessary news and praying your patience, I commit you to God.—Your assured friend and partner, JOHN —, merchant.

To his sisters who, as has been said, became nuns at Louvain, he occasionally wrote, dwelling with great fervour on the blessings and happiness of a religious state, which theme, being evidently congenial, he always treated at such length that it must be sufficient to cite a few passages as samples of the whole. We also gather from these letters some information regarding his family.

*Garnet to his sister Margaret, a nun at Louvain, Oct. 1, 1593.*¹

My loving and dear sister: it was no small comfort to me when I heard of your safe arrival, and it shall be far greater when I shall understand of your happy arrival in that other most secure and quiet haven of a religious life. Assure yourself that whosoever liveth in the world abroad is tossed continually in a most tempestuous sea, and every moment in danger of drowning. . . . Those only know what it is who have left it, and being once received into the harbour, can now look back afar off and both rejoice at the happy lot of their delivery, and pity the estate and misery of those whom yet they see in the midst of the waves.

I am carried further than I thought: but if I may sometimes hear from you, and that your Superiors will give you leave to write of the contentment of your vocation, I will not fail, God willing, to salute you now and then. All our friends are in the same estate both spiritual and corporal as you left them in, except our mother, who as I said hath bettered her soul, and I doubt not but upon your liking you may easily draw your other two sisters which be unmarried into the like desires. I beseech Jesus to comfort and strengthen you and your company, to whom I would have you commend me. This first of October, 1593. Your loving brother, more happy than ever if he may hear that you are once his spiritual sister,—H. G.

¹ Stonyhurst MSS. *Anglia*, i. 76. Contemporary copy. (4 pp. folio.)

The following letter seems to belong to the year 1593, but the exact date cannot be discovered.¹

Garnet to Aquaviva.

We have received your Lordship's letters of October and January, and with them that of my Lord Cardinal (Allen). I have no doubt they will be most profitable to us all. Would that a copy of the decree against Bell, of which all Catholics have heard with much approval, were sent us.² . . . We are sending to Master Oliver [Manareo],³ according to your Reverence's directions, two recruits, conspicuous labourers in this field.⁴ Others are hindered by the care of districts assigned to them where they are toiling to some purpose: some most excellent men are in prison, others wish the fulfilment of their desires to be postponed for a time, in hope of martyrdom, more especially as they have excellent opportunity of spiritual profit where they now are: but John Cornelius, a man of noted piety, professes himself ready to go to Flanders,⁵ should we order him.⁶ . . . I greatly desire some one else of the Society, or two, should things remain so quiet as they now are. If, however, these severe laws be confirmed, we ourselves shall have either forthwith to betake ourselves to you, or, which God grant, to await you in Heaven. But whatever be the case, I pray your Lordship to send us some one, for I cannot without extreme peril reside continually in London. I would exchange my place with one who would be either my leader or my worthy assistant. My creditors are now seeking for me, and it is not desirable that all should know when I am in town. But let him be such as your Lordship sends for the highest office. I have already most excellent assistants.

The letter of Cardinal Allen, to which Father Garnet refers, is evidently that which he addressed to the Catholics of England, December 12, 1592,⁷ in which he exhorts them to be magnanimous and constant amidst their grievous trials, to be gentle and compassionate towards those who, having fallen through weakness, seek reconciliation, and on no account to admit the lawfulness of attending Protestant service. He likewise informs them of a special Jubilee and other spiritual favours granted them by the Holy Father.

(To be continued.)

¹ Grene (P. 597 *b.*) thus describes it. "Epistola P. H. Garnette ad P. Generalem (uti videtur anno 1593 scripta). In originali deest finis et Data." Like others to the General, it is in Latin.

² Thomas Bell, a priest, had maintained that it was lawful to frequent Protestant churches.

³ Provincial of the Roman Province.

⁴ *i.e.*, Secular priests who wished to join the Society.

⁵ For his novitiate.

⁶ Cornelius was arrested, April 14, 1594, and executed for his priesthood, July 4, having been admitted into the Society in prison.

⁷ *Archiv. Westmon.* iv. 132 bis. (Contemporary Copy.) Printed by Father Knox. *Letters and Memorials of Cardinal Allen*, p. 343.

The Poetry of Mr. Francis Thompson.

ONE of the most remarkable phenomena in recent English poetry has been the peculiar rise into fame of Mr. Francis Thompson, and the perplexed popularity and half doubtful admiration accorded to his work. The Victorian period has been most rich and varied in poetical production and achievement, and yet, among the few volumes published during the year of Jubilee which contained undeniably great poetry, an unique place was held by the *New Poems* of this Catholic poet, whose *Victorian Ode* in the *Daily Chronicle* not only far surpassed the official verses of the Laureate, but was perhaps the only Jubilee ode which rose above mediocrity.

Mr. Thompson has written at once the most richly coloured and the most austere poetry of the age. The keynote is finely struck in ten lines addressed to another poet, almost at the opening of his first volume :

Ah ! let the sweet birds of the Lord
With earth's waters make accord ;
Teach how the crucifix may be
Carven from the laurel-tree,
Fruit of the Hesperides
Burnish take on Eden-trees,
The Muses' sacred groves be wet
With the red dew of Olivet,
And Sappho lay her burning brows
In white Cecilia's lap of snows !

A poet who could adequately accomplish this in a single great work, would be in very truth almost a second Dante, and succeed where Tasso failed. He would give to Christendom another sacred poem to which both heaven and earth have set their hand, and would eventually stand out in the history of human thought as the epic poet of modern Catholicity, using the term "epic poet," not in its more strict sense, but in that in which Shelley employed it in his *Defence of Poetry*, to distinguish Homer, Dante, and Milton : a "poet, the series of

whose creations bore a defined and intelligible relation to the knowledge and sentiment and religion of the age in which he lived, and of the ages which followed it, developing itself in correspondence with their development."

It will hardly be denied that Mr. Francis Thompson has already given the world a brilliant fragmentary essay towards such an achievement. But can he go further? It is impossible not to be struck by some very obvious faults and blemishes, more especially in his earlier work. At times he is as obscure as Browning at his worst. It is, of course, only fair that a poet should expect some mental effort on the part of his readers, and obscurity may even prove stimulating. Poetical obscurity may result from different causes. It may arise from the very nature of the ineffable theme, as in the *Divina Commedia*; or it may arise from compression of thought, from a kind of mental impatience joined with imaginative richness, which does not leave the poet time to fully work out his conception, but leads on from image to image until the lines are overcharged with meaning, as sometimes in the later plays of Shakespeare. It may proceed from an excessively intense imagination floating over the surface of a vague philosophical creed not fully grasped by the writer himself, as in Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*; or from super-subtle intellect and fantastic ingenuity, as in the poems of Donne; or more simply, as in the case of a great living poet, from the poet being swept away by his own magnificent music and carried out into a deep sea of words beyond the depth of his own thoughts. More frequently Mr. Thompson's obscurity is due to the fact that his power of vision is immensely in excess of his faculty of expression:

With sight to pass the frontier of all spheres,
And voice which does my sight such wrong;

but, at times, it would certainly seem that he is obscure because he is absolutely entangled in the net of words that he has woven round his original conception. Too often he does cruel violence to the English language, coining new words or misusing old ones, and treating the necessities of grammar and syntax with a truly royal poetical license. A deliberate avoidance of simplicity in expression is apparent; there was some truth in the suggestion of an adverse critic that Mr. Thompson would perhaps call a spade "a broad obtuse Chalybian delving blade." His rhythm is at times defective, although at others almost

rivalling the great masters of verbal music. Absolutely illegitimate rhymes are of not unfrequent occurrence. There is a more than occasional incongruity and extravagance in his epithets and metaphors, although most frequently his peculiarity in this respect is a certain poetical audacity, in which he is often *feliciter audax*. The derivations and echoes from other poets, although sometimes rather too obvious and not always perfectly assimilated to his own style, cannot justly be held to derogate from Mr. Thompson's undoubted originality. "It can be held no flaw in the title-deeds of genius," says Walter Savage Landor, "if the same thoughts reappear as have been exhibited long ago. The indisputable sign of defect should be looked for in the proportion they bear to the unquestionably original. There are ideas which necessarily must occur to minds of the like magnitude and materials, aspect and temperature. When two ages are in the same phasis, they will excite the same humours, and produce the same coincidences and combinations. In addition to which, a great poet may really borrow: he may even condescend to an obligation at the hand of an equal or inferior: but he forfeits his title if he borrows more than the amount of his own possessions. Imitation, as we call it, is often weakness, but it likewise is often sympathy."

In spite of these and other shortcomings, more apparent than real, the *Poems* and *Sister-Songs* showed that in Mr. Thompson a true poet had arisen; the *New Poems* have proved that he is also a great one. Until the publication of this third volume, it seemed not unlikely that he might ultimately come to be remembered only as the author of two great odes: *The Hound of Heaven* and *A Corymbus for Autumn*. The former does not depend for its greatness upon detached passages, although it most certainly contains one of the sublimest passages in modern poetry:

I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity,
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsèd turrets slowly wash again;
But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned;
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.

In its outpouring of spiritual experience and yearning, it

carries us back to the Psalms, the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, the *Divine Comedy*; and in the closing lines of the poem—

Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?

there is what Dante expressed allegorically in his temporary blindness in the eighth sphere of Paradise, where St. John bids him discourse upon Divine love until his sight is restored by the power of Beatrice's eyes. The *Corymbus for Autumn*, on the other hand, in its richness of colour and lyrical beauty, almost rivals Keats' famous ode, while in one supreme passage it opens the door to a new Catholic interpretation of nature:

The calm hour strikes on yon golden gong,
In tones of floating and mellow light
A spreading summons to even-song :
See how there
The cowlèd night
Kneels on the Eastern sanctuary-stair.
What is this feel of incense everywhere?
Clings it round folds of the blanch-amiced clouds,
Upwafted by the solemn thurifer,
The mighty spirit unknown,
That swingeth the slow earth before the embannered Throne?

In this new mystical poetry, which Mr. Thompson has made peculiarly his own, Nature and the Catholic Church are one in their ritual; the former, in her changes and her pageantry, merely offers on a larger scale the same homage to God as the Church in her solemn Offices. Very splendidly is this conception of Nature rendered in the *New Poems*, in the *Orient Ode*:

Lo, in the sanctuaried East,
Day, a dedicated priest
In all his robes pontifical exprest,
Lifteth slowly, lifteth sweetly,
From out its Orient tabernacle drawn,
Yon orbèd sacrament confest,
Which sprinkles benediction through the dawn.
And when the grave procession's ceased,
The earth with due illustrious rite
Blessed,—ere the frail fingers featly
Of twilight, violet-cassocked acolyte,
His sacerdotal stoles unvest—
Sets, for high close of the mysterious feast
The sun in august exposition meetly
Within the flaming monstrance of the West.

For the sun is the type of Christ, giving life with its proper blood to the earth, its spouse and Church; and on all heaven's

face the poet traces the sacred signs which hold their place round the Church's altars.

None of the other poems of the earlier volume equalled these two masterpieces. *A Judgment in Heaven* is almost a complete failure, and that fine ode, *To the dead Cardinal of Westminster*, is spoilt by a certain morbid exaggeration, which in a less genuine poet would savour of affectation. Far more virile is *A Fallen Yew*, giving utterance to the terrible isolation of every human soul in "that ultimate heart's occult abode," whose keys are in God's hands alone. *Dream-Tryst* is a lovely lyric, which might almost have been written by Rossetti, but for the unfortunate bathos of its last line: "Nor can her eyes go out." It is especially in the erotics of *Love in Dian's Lap*, full of fine things, but very far removed from normal human sympathies, and in the pathetic and beautiful *Poems on Children*, that the influence of Crashaw and Coventry Patmore is strongly marked. Crashaw, indeed, seems to have influenced Mr. Thompson much as Guido Guinicelli did Dante in those early days before his exile, when the great Florentine was still the poet of the *Vita Nuova*.

Sister-Songs, a slighter and less ambitious volume than the *Poems*, is mainly a development of the love poems and the poems on children. Full of rich imagery, of delicate imagination, and of a peculiarly subtle musical charm, it is perhaps the most ethereal and intangible love poem written since the *Vita Nuova*—

Were any gentle passion hallowed me,
Who must none other breath of passion feel,
Save such as winnows to the fledgèd heel
The tremulous Paradisal plumages;
The conscious Sacramental trees
Which ever be
Shaken celestially,
Consentient with enamoured wings, might know my love for thee.

This poem is peculiarly interesting to the student of poetical forms. It might be shown to be essentially a combination of two Italian forms of lyrical poetry, the first part being in reality a kind of glorified early Italian *ballata*, while the second, with its *commiato* or *tornata* ("Go, sister-songs, to that sweet sister-pair"), is an extension of the later and irregular form of *canzone*, in which the stanzas are practically free musical paragraphs with unfettered rhymes. It is, indeed, the last development of the *dolce stil nuovo*, that "sweet new style," of which

Bonaggiunta spoke to Dante in the sixth terrace of Purgatory, and ends the noble series of spiritual love poems which Guido Guinicelli began with his famous Canzone of the Gentle Heart.

It is difficult, in a limited space, to speak adequately of the *New Poems*. Their increased power and moderation is not less marked than their variety, ranging as they do from the delicate musical fantasies of *New Year's Chimes* and *July Fugitive* to the mystical heights of *Assumpta Maria* and *Any Saint*, from the almost trivial dramatic sequence of a *Narrow Vessel* to the lyrical passion of the *Ultima*. To a considerable extent, Mr. Thompson has freed himself from the faults of his earlier volumes. The influence of Crashaw and of Coventry Patmore is, of course, still very obvious, and there are many echoes of poets old and modern; but, although the *Saturday Review* declared that one of the odes is "so full of reminiscences of other poets, that we are tempted to call it a canto of verbal echoes of Crashaw, Coleridge, Edgar Poe, and even later writers," his originality was never more marked and emphatic. This opening poem of "Sight and Insight," the *Mistress of Vision*, has been further attacked upon the grounds of obscurity, but the "Lady of fair weeping," with her mystical singing and garden of enchanting, "Thrice-threefold walled with emerald from our mortal mornings grey," is intelligible enough for those who have ears for "these dim snatches of her chant;" the way to the land of Luthany and the region Elenore can hardly be indicated in the unadorned English of the guide-books:

Pierce thy heart to find the key.

If this visionary lady presents analogies with the *Donna gentile* of the *Convito*, a companion poem brings us to the *Paradiso*. At the supreme moment of the vision St. Bernard closes his prayer to the Blessed Virgin on Dante's behalf:

Ancor ti prego, Regina che puoi
Ciò che tu vuoi, che conservi sani,
Dopo tanto veder, gli affetti suoi.
Vince tua guardia i movimenti umani.¹

No prose commentary upon this has ever excelled in value and insight Mr. Thompson's *Dread of Height*, an ode for which students of Dante cannot be sufficiently grateful:

¹ Still farther do I pray thee, Queen, who canst
Whate'er thou wilt, that sound thou mayst preserve
After so great a vision his affections.
Let thy protection conquer human movements. (Longfellow.)

For low they fall whose fall is from the sky,
 Yea, who me shall secure
 But I of height grown desperate
 Surcease my wing, and my lost fate
 Be dashed from pure
 To broken writhings in the shameful slime :
 Lower than man, for I dreamed higher,
 Thrust down, by how much I aspire,
 And damned with drink of immortality?
 For such things be,
 Yea, and the lowest reach of reeky Hell
 Is but made possible
 By foreta'en breath of Heaven's austerest clime.

The *Ode to the Setting Sun* is one of the lyrical masterpieces of the century. In no other work of Mr. Thompson's does his voice do less wrong to his sight ; in none is he more uniformly musical and strenuously sublime throughout. In two or three passages alone his hand somewhat fails him, and, where the gift is so splendid, it would indeed be ungracious to examine these slight flaws. Of course the poem is at times decidedly rhetorical, but that is no fault in works of this class ; rhetoric is as necessary to the statelier kind of English ode as the *tragica conjugatio* to the Italian *canzone*. In its lyrical beauty, and in what has been called the cosmical feeling for nature, this ode rather resembles some of the later work of Shelley, especially *Prometheus Unbound* and *Hellas*. From the simpler melodious sadness of the prelude, it suddenly opens with its elaborately woven stanzas and full volume of sound, the gorgeous sunset colouring and lyrical breadth of treatment setting the keynote. A happy valiancy of style, to borrow a phrase from Coleridge, distinguishes the whole. In singing of what the Sun witnessed, "ere yet the snake Decay had venom'd tooth," when the brawny Titans stood against Olympus, and, in the terror and splendour of the conflict between Heaven and Earth, the stars were spurned as pebbles through the "rout-trampled night," the peculiar grandiloquence of Mr. Thompson's imagery is singularly appropriate. There is a daring, but certainly not unsuccessful, similitude in the first two lines of this passage :

When thou didst, bursting from the great void's husk,
 Leap like a lion on the throat o' the dusk ;
 When the angels rose-chapleted
 Sang each to other,
 The vaulted blaze overhead
 Of their vast pinions spread,
 Hailing thee brother ;

How chaos rolled back from the wonder,
And the First Morn knelt down to thy visage of thunder!

The beauty and the life of the universe, the terrible and lovely things alike of nature, are the Sun's; and the poet hymns it both as the source of the swarthy light-bearing powers of the mine and the glories of the rose and lily. In a still higher strain, though perhaps somewhat too obviously based upon the second chorus of Shelley's *Hellas*, rises the lament for the vanished forms of Grecian mythology, the sweet and gracious powers of earth and air, "who made the earth a living and a radiant thing." But, as the last ray of light dies away in the sky, and the hill against it "stands black as life against eternity," the mysteries of life and death and the full significance of sunrise and sunset stand revealed:

If with exultant tread
Thou foot the Eastern sea,
Or like a golden bee
Sting the West to angry red,
Thou dost image, thou dost follow
That King-Maker of Creation,
Who, ere *Hellas* hailed Apollo,
Gave thee, angel-god, thy station;
Thou art of Him a type memorial.
Like Him thou hang'st in dreadful pomp of blood
Upon thy Western rood;
And His stained brow did veil like thine to night,
Yet lift once more Its light,
And, risen, again departed from our ball,
But when It set on earth arose in Heaven.
Thus hath He unto death His beauty given:
And so of all which form inheriteth
The fall doth pass the rise in worth;
For birth hath in itself the germ of death,
But death hath in itself the germ of birth.
It is the falling acorn buds the tree,
The falling rain that bears the greenery,
The fern-plants moulder when the ferns arise.
For there is nothing lives but something dies,
And there is nothing dies but something lives.
Till skies be fugitives,
Till Time, the hidden root of change, updries,
Are Birth and Death inseparable on earth;
For they are twain yet one, and Death is Birth.

And in the simpler music of the austere yet lovely "After-strain," this truly great poem draws to an end; a poem so sublime in thought and splendid in expression that to praise it is almost an impertinence.

Mr. Thompson has a curious way of exhibiting his poetic inequality by placing his worst work in close juxtaposition with his best. Just as a *Judgment in Heaven* followed the *Hound of Heaven*, so here the *Anthem of Earth* almost immediately succeeds the *Ode to the Setting Sun*. This *Anthem*, the longest poem in the volume, though full of powerful thought powerfully expressed, is not a success; written in irregular iambic metre without rhymes, it reads like a medley of different styles, at times sinking to the level of an ineffectual Walt Whitman, at others rising to the grand manner of the Elizabethan dramatists. It would be interesting to compare it with Mr. George Meredith's somewhat analogous *Earth and Man*; Mr. Thompson's interpretation is doubtless the most in accord with Catholic philosophy, but Mr. Meredith's is certainly the finer poem. *From the Night of Forebeing*, on the other hand, although not as a whole equal to the *Ode to the Setting Sun*, contains imagery of extraordinary richness and a superb hymn to the Earth in early spring, which surpasses even the *Corymbus for Autumn*. A very impressive passage upon the nature of true Liberty, where popular misconceptions of Freedom are compared to the disintegration and lethargy of the Earth in winter, "Unshackled from the bright Phœbean awe," is unique in Mr. Thompson's poetry as indicating a power of writing nobly and forcibly upon questions which have not yet inspired his muse. We can perhaps hardly expect from a lyrical poet what Mr. George Meredith in his *Lark ascending* calls—

The song seraphically free
Of taint of personality,

but, nevertheless, essentially subjective though his poetry usually is, Mr. Thompson's most splendid flights are those in which he rises above preoccupation with his own feelings, to sing of Nature and of Humanity: "Not to this man, but Man."

Lo, God's two worlds immense,
Of spirit and of sense,
Wed
In this narrow bed;
Yea, and the midge's hymn
Answers the seraphim
Athwart
Thy body's court!

His short lyrics have seldom the beauty and splendour of his more stately odes. In his sonnets, which are few in number,

he adopts the Shakespearian rather than the Petrarchian mould; but his genius lacks the concentration of thought and style needed for the production of really excellent sonnets. A longer series of quatrains, clenched by a rhyming couplet, as *Love's Almsman plaineth his Fare*, suits his muse better. And, indeed, the little group of love poems which close the volume are of exquisite beauty and true pathos; in its renunciation and spiritual ascent, its restrained ardour and perfect art, *Ultimum*, the last of the series, is one of the noblest love poems in the language.

It is impossible even to imagine what the future work of this extraordinarily gifted writer will be like. Certainly his latest volume represents a very great advance in all the more noteworthy qualities of his art, with a correspondingly marked elimination of his earlier defects. Readers of the *Academy* know what a delicate critic he is, and with what subtle appreciation he can write, not only of such poets as Crashaw, with whom he is naturally in sympathy, but even of those whose style is so far removed from his own as Alexander Pope. But, even if Mr. Thompson produces no greater work in poetry than he has already done, his position with posterity is probably assured.

Attention has been called to the similarity of the attitude of hostile critics towards him now and towards Shelley in the past, but perhaps the resemblance is even more curious to the reception of a great mediæval poet by his contemporaries. Towards the end of the twelfth century there lived in Provence a famous troubadour, Arnaldo Daniello, who, in the words of his mediæval biographer, "learnt a manner of making poetry with scarce rhymes, wherefore these rhymes are difficult to understand and to learn."¹ The faults urged against Mr. Thompson are not unlike those found in Arnaldo Daniello: obscurity, choice of curious rhymes and unusual words, difficult constructions, incongruous and fantastic metaphors and images. The *Athenæum* remarked of Mr. Thompson that "his meaning, if it has not a purely verbal origin, is at all events allowed to develop under the direct suggestion of the words which present themselves to interpret it;" and this would be most excellent criticism if applied to Arnaldo Daniello's favourite invention of the *sestina*. Arnaldo's obscurity perplexed and his curious

¹ *Lives of the Troubadours*. Translated from the Provençal, by Miss Ida Farnell.

metaphors for achieving the impossible excited the amusement of his contemporaries: "Arnaldo Daniello," wrote the Monk of Montaldon, "has sung nothing all his life but a few foolish verses that none understand; since he 'hunted the hare with the ox and swam against the stream,' his singing is not worth a berry." But, in spite of all this, in the two centuries that followed, Dante and Petrarch hailed Arnaldo as their master, as the greatest of the Provençals, the *miglior fabbro del parlar materno*, the *gran maestro d'Amor*. Some such fate may be in store for Mr. Francis Thompson, who may seem to future poets a greater and more fascinating figure than the more famous singers of the century; and, remembering the influence which Arnaldo Daniello has exercised upon poetic form through Dante and Petrarch, it is hardly safe even to say with Mr. H. D. Traill that "neither in subject, nor in feeling, nor in language, has the poetry of Mr. Thompson any chance of setting the fashion of the future."

One thing at least is certain: this is a poet who has caught at times the "large utterance of the early gods," although he not unfrequently stammers when interpreting it to us. He cries to the Sun in his *Orient Ode*:

My fingers thou hast taught to con
Thy flame-chorded psalterion,
Till I can translate into mortal wire—
Till I can translate passing well—
The heavenly harping harmony,
Melodious, sealed, inaudible,
Which makes the dulcet psalter of the world's desire.

Yes, Mr. Thompson has undoubtedly heard this heavenly harmony; but, whatever may be his lot with the future, he would certainly be more generally recognized in the present as the great poet he is, if he would condescend to translate what he has learnt a little less literally—we must not say into what more resembles our ordinary language, since he expressly tells us that he cannot speak it ("I who can scarcely speak my fellows' speech"), but at least with a little more "immediate reference to the common eye and apprehension of his fellow-men."

EDMUND G. GARDNER.

Wiseman: his Aims and Methods.

SOME of the critics, and notably the *Times*, have found fault with the structure and bulk of Mr. Ward's *Life of Cardinal Wiseman*, and are therefore inclined to regard the work as in some way detracting from his so far well-deserved repute as a biographer. For ourselves, we are inclined, upon reflection and closer examination, to regard this criticism as rather short-sighted. As to the charge of bulkiness, we do not say that here and there the illustration of particular points by correspondence, reminiscence, and anecdote, may not have been needlessly elaborate, and that possibly a hundred pages might have been saved with improvement; but that any one chapter, and least of all that which to some has seemed the most dispensable, namely, the Epilogue, could have been omitted consistently with the author's scope we are inclined to deny. For it must not be assumed that the whole end in view was to write an ideal biography of equal interest to all classes and sections of the community. The *Life of Wiseman* is the life of the first Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, of one under whose auspices it may be said that the candle hidden for three centuries behind the altar was brought out into public recognition once more and replaced in its candlestick.

Wiseman, whatever his claim to be a man of letters, was before all else a churchman, one who had dedicated himself consciously and deliberately to the revival of Catholic Christianity in England. It is as the advocate of certain methods and objects, as the upholder of certain principles, that he interests Mr. Ward, who is a philosopher and a churchman first, and a biographer afterwards. In saying this, we do not lose sight of the high biographical merit of his two volumes on Dr. William G. Ward; but there again he was dealing with one who was pre-eminently a thinker, and considering him precisely in relation to two movements of thought of which he was a *magna pars*—the Oxford Movement and the Catholic Revival.

To understand Wiseman and his methods, after learning

something of his personal character, his early and his later education, it was most needful to appreciate the matter he had to deal with, no less than the form to which he hoped to some extent to begin to reduce it. It was essential to understand the different classifications of the community in relation to the Catholic religion, together with the antecedents and tendencies of each class—the "Old Catholics" as they are curiously called, and the converts; the Established Church with its upward and downward movement—and also to understand those events which were in some sort critical in the religious history of the period, such as the Tractarian crisis of 1845; the Restoration of the Hierarchy; the Austrian Concordat; and the Roman Question of 1860. It was finally by no means out of place, that having exhibited the working of Wiseman's methods in the concrete, Mr. Ward should, in his Epilogue, consider them apart in their general form, and explain and defend them.

No doubt had the task fallen into other and perhaps less sympathetic hands, the work might have taken a different and more popular shape; but it may be questioned whether, even as a biography, it would not have failed in not giving the first place to the really leading feature of Wiseman's life and character.

For ourselves, our interest chiefly centres in this Epilogue, which deals so ably with some of the points we have endeavoured to emphasize in these pages on former occasions.¹

Differing as they did in temperament and mental calibre, it is remarkable how closely both Newman and Wiseman were agreed as to the main line to be followed in pushing the cause of Catholicity, namely, by a vigorous insistence on the exclusive character of that religion, together with an equal, perhaps greater, insistence on the all-embracing width of its sympathies with every human interest; and, indeed, each of them in his own way was a living embodiment of the two principles so earnestly advocated. Exclusiveness they could not but feel was altogether distasteful to the indiscriminating temper of the time and country, and so far an obstacle to the acceptance of the faith of Rome; even though it was in some measure due to the spread of Latitudinarian notions that the Church in England was enabled to show herself in the light of day, after being buried in the catacombs.

It was therefore a matter of primary moment to vindicate the principle of an exclusive or dogmatic religion; to show

¹ Cf. "A Change of Tactics," February, 1896, and "Prospects of Reunion," July, 1897.

that it was really inseparable from the notion of faith in a strict sense, and of a Divine revelation, that it was a characteristic not only of the post-Tridentine Church of Rome, but of the Christian Church from the very earliest days—nay, perhaps never more conspicuously than in the very earliest. If Christianity was to be in some sort the religion of the millions, and not a mere philosophy for the cultured few, it could be so only in as far as it relied upon faith for its hold on the multitude, and not upon analytical reasoning, whereof the millions are incapable. For, the capacity of reason as an all-sufficient guide in matters of morality and religion has been tried in balance of history and found wanting.

Although the duty of obeying God in the matter of our intellectual assents no less than in any other matter within our control must be apparent to reason before the act of faith is possible, yet the assent itself from a motive of obedience may be called truly, not indeed an irrational, but a non-rational assent, as opposed to those assents to which reason, or even the canons of credibility, force the mind. It is not, however, only in the matter of Divine faith which cannot deceive us, but in a thousand other matters, religious and secular, that our assents are in a way non-rational. Yet in another way they are most reasonable; and to reject all that have not been subjected to the test of analytical reason, or that seem to fail under it, would be the very height of unreason. For, not to speak of that host of assents which are given us by what Newman calls the "Illative sense," and which are strictly, though inexpressibly, reasonable, the main bulk of what most men believe is derived from tradition, imitation, blind repetition, and other non-rational sources, which are nevertheless reliable on the whole; and if a certain percentage of error and superstition is thus inevitably imbibed, yet he who would on this account reject all, would be as one who prefers to die of thirst rather than drink anything but the best champagne. It is thus that Nature has provided for the feeding and formation of our minds in most ordinary matters. Tradition is not the only, nor the ultimate, medium, but it is the commonest and most extensively useful. It warrants a good, solid presumption in favour of most that it vouches for; and it has a direct and unimpeachable value as testifying to what is commonly said or believed. Common belief, though an imperfect mirror, is nevertheless a mirror of objective reality whose error we can discount. To apply analytical reason to all such data is to

risk rooting up the wheat with the tares. "A secouer trop vivement l'arbre," says a recent writer, "pour faire tomber les feuilles mortes, on risque aussi de sacrifier plus d'un rameau encore vert." The more we look into the matter, the more we are forced to acknowledge not only the existence, not only the expedience, but also the reasonableness and legitimacy of numberless beliefs which have been imposed on our judgment from without, and in no wise drawn from premises or from direct experience.

This is the solid core of truth which Traditionalism has perverted by its extravagant endeavour to exclude every other and higher criterion. Up to this point the Christian religion is traditionalist, not only in demanding the unconditional obedience of faith as to her revealed dogmas, but also in requiring a certain reasonable trust in her uninspired public beliefs and traditions taken *in globo*, without exacting an assent to any given detail or denying the possibility of particular error. Thus, for example, she gives us the legend of a saint in her public office, not as gospel truth, but as showing the picture, more or less subjective, which he created upon the mind of his own generation; as being indeed substantially true, but precisely how far, she does not go out of her way to determine. Hagio-graphy is not the Church's direct mission, though she may use its results as she uses those of current history or science—for what they may be worth.

Besides this humbler but more practical and universal source of knowledge, the Church has, however, always acknowledged the supreme claims of analytical reason as a negative test, while steadily denying its supposed right to be the only positive guide to truth, and its pretence to be able to give full and adequate expression to inferences undoubtedly valid, yet too complex for statement. Indeed, it is not so much the insufficiency of reason she distrusts, as the insufficiency of expression; for the fallacy of rationalism lies, not merely in denying all worth to faith, inspiration, tradition, and other non-rational sources of knowledge, human and Divine, but also in confounding reason with logic—as one might confound speech with grammar. Above all, she is profoundly convinced of the feebleness and unsteadiness of the grasp of reason on those fundamental religious truths touching the ultimate end and use of life, on which we have to take our stand in those very crises when reason is most obscured and biassed by passion and temptation. Even calm reason itself

suggests that we are bound to hold fast to these truths by an act of will, which refuses to discuss them in the time of clouds and darkness; in other words, by a sort of natural faith of which Divine faith is but an elevation and extension. It is only by the sovereign will-firmness of Divine faith that religious truth can be made an effectual governing principle in the individual or in society, so as to stand fast against the downward drag of human weakness, mental and moral.

If, therefore, the Church has not only permitted, but encouraged the use of analytical reason in the orderly presentment of her dogma, and for the continual sifting and refining of the great mass of her popular traditions; yet she is steadfastly opposed to its exclusive, or even excessive use. She knows too well that Protestantism and its offspring, religious indifferentism, are both the fruit of an extreme and narrow scholasticism, unwilling to recognize the due claims of authority and tradition, impatient of twilight and suspense; impetuous with the childish self-confidence of inexperience. For if the necessary laws of logic are the only road to truth, then, indeed, no man is responsible for his opinions and beliefs, religious or otherwise, and they are a matter of pure indifference; and again, if nothing is to be affirmed but what is forced upon us by those laws, then even the first principles of reason and morality, private and public, are imperilled.

It was his clear comprehension of this truth that convinced Wiseman that Rome alone had preserved the principles necessary for the healing of the nations. It was no anti-Anglican or sectarian animus, that inspired him to do battle for the Catholicizing of his country, but a profound insight into the essentially and inevitably Protestant character of the established religion, and its consequent inability to deal with the religious needs of the age. Much as he sympathized with those of its members who sought to prove its claim to be a dogmatic Church, teaching with Divine authority, he knew too well that such a claim was absolutely unfounded and insupportable, and that whatever deference its voice might win from its children at large, it could never be the deference of faith, but at most that which is due to any *corpus doctum* of cultivated men in their own subject—a deference weakened, and almost nullified, by the existence of so many competing bodies, as well as by their own lamentable but necessary internal disagreements. In a word, the very notions of ecclesiastical faith and authority are excluded

by the latitudinarianism which gave birth to and holds together the Church of England; and the latent antagonism has in our days made itself fully apparent. "Anglo-Catholicism" is a palliation at most, a remedy it cannot be. A past Council, or a primitive Church, is eventually as feeble a substitute for a living teacher as is the Bible. For all alike, a living and authoritative interpretation is needed.

Seeing in the Catholic Church the true and only remedy, and feeling at the same time how distasteful the notion of a dogmatic and exclusive religion must be to a public fed for three centuries on the fallacies of rationalism, and to whom the merely negative broadness of Anglicanism seemed to savour of a deeper insight and more sympathetic charity, Wiseman desired in every way to mitigate and soften this apparently harsher and more forbidding aspect of the Church of Rome. The chapter on the "English Papists" may serve to give us some faint idea of the extent of that ingrained fanaticism and profound stupidity of the Protestant populace, he had to contend with, not only in this, but in almost every other point connected with the just conception of the Catholic religion. Indeed, nothing could better illustrate what we have been insisting on above, as to the small part played by deliberate reasoning in the formation of the general mind, than the fanatical attitude of public opinion in this country towards Catholicism, in defiance of every claim of justice and charity; and in default not merely of rational evidence for its support, but even of moderate probability. A vague, blinding sentiment of deep-seated antagonism and hostility, seems to have paralyzed every better judgment and feeling of a nation commonly credited beyond their neighbours with a certain temperateness and fairness.

The first essential was to try to convince such a people that Catholics were at least human, that they were not secret emissaries of the powers of darkness, hostile to every rational and social interest, conspiring to strangle the intellect with the chains and fetters of a gratuitously complicated dogmatic system—a *gens lucifuga* in the intellectual sense, fearful of science and history, and of every new light which might conflict with the superstitions to which they were enslaved. Wiseman, with his genial, intelligent interest in everything human, did not hesitate to come before the public on every possible occasion as a speaker and lecturer in history, science, art, and philological research; as one interested not only in matters ecclesiastical, but in every other department of life. He knew the difference

between an unanswerable difficulty and a doubt, and that faith worth the name could never even wish to shrink from the light, but could wait patiently, nay, wait for ever, for the reconciliation of differences which it knew to be but apparent ; that the faith which blanched was convicted of being tinged by some secret rationalism. He knew that if in certain crises the Church had to draw into herself, and separate herself in a spirit of protest from the culture of the day, yet such a divorce was abnormal and hurtful to both parties, and therefore was to be terminated as speedily as possible. He felt that until Catholics entered into the intellectual life of their country, and spoke the language of its schools, they could have no strong influence over it for good ; that it was on the neutral ground of secular learning and common national interests, that the hostile parties must first meet and get to understand one another. For this reason especially it was that he welcomed the little body of Oxford converts as a sort of interpreter between the two camps, so long estranged as to have forgotten one another's language in matters religious ; he hoped that the neophytes would both give and receive ; leaven and be leavened. And this hope surely implied no lack of reverence for that lingering remnant of the ancient Catholic Church, those who had indeed borne the burden and heat of the day, and to whom we owe the fact that our continuity with the pre-Reformation Church is not merely through derivation from a common root, but through a stubborn survival of a vein of life in the old stock, charred and riven by a thousand thunderbolts of persecution, dead to all seeming, yet not watered for nothing with the blood of so many martyrs. Indeed, the chapter on "Converts and Old Catholics," shows us plainly how invaluable a check was exercised by the influence of the disciples of Challoner upon the Italianizing enthusiasm of some ardent neophytes, who, had there been no Old Catholics to amalgamate with, no English stock to be grafted into, would have constituted an "Italian Mission," not only in the legitimate sense, but also in a sense very undesirable and disastrous to the popularizing of Catholicity in England. Still, though there were to be found among them men of great ability, high special culture, and learning, it could not but be that those who had been ostracized and cut off from their heritage by three centuries of iniquitous oppression, should exhibit that one-sidedness and lack of general culture which marks men who are either self-taught, or taught at home—that is, within the limits of some isolated clan. "The intellectual activity of a great nation,"

writes Mr. Ward, "has its natural channels. Nothing but a miracle could prevent any small body from suffering intellectually if it is cut off from communication with those channels. The very best intellectual endowment, when thus isolated, will spend itself on efforts which appear to the general public to be sectarian and purely controversial—whose tone and form make the ablest arguments unpersuasive."

Wiseman was anxious that what was the effect of oppression and persecution, *sc.*, the alienation of Catholics from the intellectual life of the country, should not be ascribed to any narrowing influence of the Catholic religion as such, and for this reason he used all his tact and persuasion to overcome the almost natural reluctance to amalgamate which at first separated the neophytes and Old Catholics almost into two factions, to their mutual hurt. In this and in every other way he strove to free the true conception of the Church's dogmatic office and exclusiveness from the cobwebs of misapprehension and misrepresentation with which it was covered and obscured; and to exhibit it as simply the necessary, rational, and Divine safeguard of those religious truths which are at the root of all social and intellectual development. No doubt it needs a certain "wish to believe" before prejudiced minds can be disposed to take the trouble needed to distinguish between what is *per se* and *per accidens*; what is to be ascribed to Catholics as such, and what to their local national or individual circumstances and peculiarities; what is due to the use, what to the abuse, of principles and laws. And therefore the first endeavour must be to create this "wish to believe" by drawing attention to the human and attractive side of Catholicity, its social utility, its universal sympathy with every effort in the cause of truth, justice, and charity; or at least by removing all false impressions to the contrary. Only then will minds be disposed to believe that the Church is always more willing to loose than to bind; and that she binds only so far as she is absolutely urged by necessity; that definitions are simply forced from her by the cavillings of the rationalistic or heretical mind; that though final, so far as they exclude some definite error, her dogmas are never final in the sense of stating exhaustively truths that, being supernatural, are inexhaustible; that if she arrests the inopportune discussion or proclamation of some new discovery in history or science, it is really in the essential interest of truth, lest the wheat should be uprooted with the

tares, and the minds of millions perplexed in matters of supreme practical consequence for the sake of a detail of little or no practical consequence; or it is because the truth is urged in an heretical spirit, not as creating an interesting difficulty, but as founding a right to doubt. When once we recognize that there is in all men, so far as unregenerate, a spirit of unauthorized dogmatism essentially heretical, against whose tyranny the authorized dogma of the Church is the Divine safeguard of liberty, we shall not be surprised to find that many who belong to the Church are prone at times, all unconsciously, to gratify this dogmatizing instinct by urging orthodox beliefs upon others in an intolerant and narrow spirit, really because they are their own, ostensibly because they are divinely authorized; and even to try to bring their purely private opinions under the ægis of ecclesiastical infallibility, and to impose them upon others under pain of anathema. That a dogmatic religion should lend itself to this abuse is inevitable; but it would be a mistake to ascribe the dogmatizing temper of particular Catholics to the Catholic Church.

These and a thousand others are the misapprehensions Wiseman had to contend with, and which we have still to contend with. His singular insight and foresight gave him a comprehensive grasp of the situation and its prospects that few of his contemporaries could fully share, and which the progress of events has largely justified. If, perhaps, his sanguine hopefulness made him expect a more immediate and abundant inflow from the Establishment than actually took place, yet on the whole his anticipation of the course of events has been verified. There may be no reason to expect a conversion of England in the sense we should all most desire, but there is every reason to believe that the Catholic Church alone will survive as the representative of dogmatic Christianity in this country. As such there is a great mission before her, even if not a great triumph. She will have to stand alone as the exponent of Christian truth to the non-Christian world. She would therefore prepare herself ill for such an office were she to narrow her present energies to a hostile strife with particular Christian sects or denominations, and not rather to address herself to the sympathetic consideration of the mental and moral needs of that growing multitude to whom the very meaning of life is a problem and faith an idle word.

G. TYRRELL.

Three Socialist Fallacies.

I.—THE SURPLUS VALUE FALLACY.

I HAVE to deal with three main fallacies on which Socialists found their system. I will give them names respectively as the Surplus Value Fallacy, the People Fallacy, and, *honoris causa*, the G.P.F., or Great Postoffice Fallacy. First then of Surplus Value.

I will suppose a man, Conon, to have become the owner, legally and honestly, of a vast accumulation of material, capable of being worked up into besoms and brushes. Still he wants ground, buildings, machinery, workmen: all that, however, he will get, if he can only find capital. He meets another man, Callias, legally and honestly rich, and looking for an investment for his money. They combine into a firm: *Conon and Callias, Besom and Brush Manufacturers*. A site is purchased, buildings erected, machinery put in, and a number of workmen are hired. We must suppose that these workmen are treated with that justice which Leo XIII. insists upon in his Encyclical of May 15th, 1891, on the Condition of the Working Classes. That is, they receive a living wage sufficient to support them in frugal comfort. This is just: for whoever engrosses a man's labour, is bound to feed and keep that man up to a decent standard of human life. A just slaveowner of old did as much for his slaves; and surely the labour of a free man should not command less remuneration than slave labour. It is an element of human life to marry and have a family. Conon and Callias, faithful to Leo XIII.'s teaching, pay their men wages high enough for them to marry on, not indeed in the first month of their employment, but within a reasonable time, long before the grey hairs come. Every week their workman, being a single man, has money over from his wages, without pinching himself, if he does not gamble, nor drink like a sot: he can put that money in the savings-bank, and marry on it ere long. It is necessary to presuppose all this, because otherwise the problem of surplus value, which we wish to come to, will be

complicated by an extraneous and irrelevant problem, which we must avoid, the problem of a fair wage.

The firm goes on steadily, and in time does well. In the fifth year we find that they have cleared off all incumbrances, and their besoms and brushes are all over the country. Their gross receipts in the course of that year are quite a handsome sum, which we call X . X has flowed out again in three streams, x, y, z . Of these, x has gone in channels manifold, to pay for raw material, cost of machinery, rates and taxes, and working expenses generally, perhaps including the luxury of a little law; y has gone into the workmen's pockets as wages; z remains. This z is the "surplus value," as Karl Marx calls it. Bolingbroke used to say of the members of the House of Commons: "They follow the man who shows them the game." Surplus value is the game that Karl Marx has shown the Socialists; and for that they follow him. Messrs. Conon and Callias put this quantity z , this surplus value, into their own pockets. They call it "capitalist's profit;" it was in view of that z , and for the sake of obtaining it, that they set up as manufacturers of brushes and besoms. Marx and the Socialists after him call this a process of "exploiting the workman;" they denounce it as un-Christian and unjust: they will have it that this "surplus value" is simply the creation of the workman's labour, and should all be thrown in, at the top of the wages, to complete the workman's share of the proceeds. But Messrs. Conon and Callias would never have put their capital into the business on those terms. Marx and his followers reply that they want no Conon and Callias, nor any other private capitalist, great or small: the State is to be sole Capitalist. Of the difficulty of that arrangement I have already said something: of its illusiveness I have more to say presently. But even on the score of personal labour, and increase of value thence resulting, Messrs. Conon and Callias have a large claim to what we may call *wages* for the management of their own capital. They organised the labour of the workmen. Workmen without an organiser are as inefficient as an army without a general. The organiser is a master-workman, and must be paid accordingly. Part of that quantity z , therefore, must be paid over to Messrs. Conon and Callias, because they, more potently than any other two individuals, have laboured to produce it. When that part has been deducted, and paid over, we will call the remainder z' . This is all the surplus value that

becomes matter of debate. And the question is not such an easy one to answer: By what right or title do Messrs. Conon and Callias appropriate to themselves that z' ?

We will construct an argument on behalf of the firm; and, better to appreciate the worth of the argument, we will put it in the form of a syllogism, thus: *The fruit of capital belongs to the owner of the capital; but the quantity z' (the final surplus value) is the fruit of capital: therefore it belongs to the owners of the capital, i.e., to Messrs. Conon and Callias.* The major premise is only an application of the received maxim, *res fructificat domino* (a thing fructifies to its owner). The flank of an opposing syllogism is best turned by a distinction. So we may out-manceuvre the above syllogism by thus distinguishing the axiom upon which it is founded. *A thing fructifies to its owner,—natural fruit, granted; artificial fruit, if the owner himself is sole cause of it, granted again; if he is only the joint cause along with another man, again I distinguish, it fructifies to the exclusive benefit of the owner, denied; it fructifies to the owner to the benefit of the other man, granted.* Then it may be pointed out that the firm is not the sole cause of the fructification of their capital, but only the joint cause along with their workmen. Hence would follow two consequences, one against Marx's assignment of the whole quantity z' to the workmen; the other against the owners of the capital taking the whole of the z' to themselves, and considering that they have no further duties to the workmen on that account,—I do not mean of adding to their wages, but of so administering the profit as that their enjoyment of it may be a benefit to their working people. It would appear that capital which has fructified through another's labour should fructify to the common good; both the good of the owner of the capital and the good of the labourer; that neither the firm should shut out the workmen, nor the workmen the firm, from the enjoyment of that residual quantity z' : that it should turn to the good and the profit of them both. And this conclusion, rightly understood, is I believe correct; and in the honest acceptance of it on both sides lies the hope of pacification and conciliation of Labour with Capital.

St. Thomas Aquinas in his *Summa Theologica*,¹ following Aristotle, has an inquiry into property, which at first sight seems out of date, but on further study appears just what is wanted for modern times. It was not written in face of a

¹ 2a 2æ, q. 66; *Aquinas Ethicus*, ii. l.c. pp. 53—58.

capitalist régime, but the principles are eternal and for all time. He discusses first ownership of property in general, and shows that man has such ownership, under God. Then coming to private ownership he draws these very remarkable conclusions: that as to power of administration and management it is lawful for man to have private possessions; nay, that it is necessary to human society, because every man is more careful in looking after his own than in looking after common property, because, again, social order is better preserved by this system of private management, and because the interests of peace are best consulted, every one being contented to look after his own; that at the same time a man ought not to hold exterior goods for his own, but for common goods, to the extent of readily allowing others to share them in their need; that a man sins by indiscriminately excluding all others from the use and benefit of the things that he calls his own; finally, that it is left to the discretion of each possessor to manage his possessions so that the needy may have their relief out of them.

This is an impartial award between capital and labour, between socialism and private property. On the one hand, it is pronounced that there is to be private property, which in our days means private capital; and that the administration of capital for the public good is better done by individuals than by the State. This I think is a legitimate development of St. Thomas's doctrine. On the other hand, it appears that the rich are not authorised to bear away the good things of life for their own mere private delectation and glorification, simply as so much matter of self-indulgence to gratify their every whim and caprice; that whoever is rich, is, or ought to be, rich for the common good; that the needs of the poor, not their folly and improvidence, but their unavoidable and necessary needs, are chargeable upon the rich.

All this is particularly true of that bone of contention, *s'*, that surplus value which remains over, after working expenses have been met and all wages paid, including the wage of the capitalist himself as manager. This residual surplus value has labour for its father, and capital for its mother. The capital is all of the capitalist; the labour is part master-labour, which is of the capitalist, and part executive labour, which is of the workmen.¹ Which of the two parents is to have the offspring?

¹ ἄρχιτεκτονικός and τεκτονικός, Aristotle (*Ethics*, i. 1) might have called them respectively. Hence the saying of Leo XIII. (Encyclical on the Condition of the Working Classes): *It is most true that from no other source than from the labour*

Naturally, both of them. No, says Socialism, take it away from them both ; let it be brought up and managed as the offspring of the State. That plan is unnatural, and, as is abundantly shown elsewhere, quite unworkable. It would mean the starving and ultimate extinction of the offspring in question. There is nothing for it but to leave it in private management. If both its parents, Capital and Labour, manage it together, we have a Co-operative Society. A very excellent thing that, but, so far as we have hitherto had experience of it, not the most efficient instrument of production. It would be extremely difficult, not to say impossible, to entrust the whole production of commodities to co-operative societies. It would be also hard to make the man who has brought all the capital into the society a mere manager, dependent on the votes of the rest. Somehow the management of that much-disputed quantity *z'* must still be left, usually at least, to the discretion and conscience of the capitalist, our old friends, Messrs. Conon and Callias.

And finely these capitalists have administered their trust ! There is a grim humour and a sad pleasantry in the thing. We may construct in imagination a street, or for that matter a whole city,—the juxtaposition only is imaginary, the materials are real enough : put on the one side of the street the houses of the capitalists, and on the other side the houses of the poor who have only their labour to live on ; and then tell me, in the name of St. Thomas and living justice, that all the wealth that you see on the one side is held and administered for the benefit of the poor workers across the way ! There is room for rhetoric and indignation here, still we must not exaggerate.

In large measure, even as things stand, the profits of capital do go to the common good. Great part of them is capitalised, that is, spent upon productive enterprises, enlarged and improved machinery, and the like, affording more wages and more wealth. Socialists often speak as though the capitalist spent all his profits in enjoying himself. In that case his enemies would also have their enjoyment, in seeing him never becoming any richer. This is not his cue at all. He spends half his profits,

of working men does the wealth of nations take its rise : has its truth in the same sense as if we were to say that not otherwise than of woman is man born. The working man, as philosophers would put it, is total cause in his own order, but not sole cause : there are other orders of causation besides his.

and often a good deal more, in extending his business, if markets are open, and workmen numerous and willing.¹ If the government owned the capital, they would apply, let us hope, as large a proportion of the profits in the same way. Else the government would never grow richer; but government will need to be very rich indeed, to do all that Socialists expect of it.

Then again we must consider in a large city the number of good things that are called "free," and yet cost money. They are paid for out of the rates and taxes, that is, principally from the pockets of the rich; yet rich and poor alike have the use of them, and they use them more who contribute less towards them. If surplus value were distributed in the form of increased wages, the government and the municipality would find it necessary to lay the burden of taxation and rates heavier upon the labouring classes. The money must be forthcoming somehow, if these public benefits are to be kept up. When there are no rich men to draw upon, the labourer must find the money. Besides taxation, we may mention hospitals and other works of charity and utility, voluntarily paid for and supported by the recipients of surplus profit. It is all very well to say that they ought to do more; let them at least have the credit of their not inconsiderable actual performances. Would a nation of government clerks scrambling for salaries do as much?

The conclusions we have arrived at then are these:

(a) The Socialist argument on surplus value does evince thus much, that the said surplus ought not to be turned merely to the private emolument and gratification of the capitalist.

(b) But it should be administered by the capitalist for the common good of himself and of his working people.

(c) To some extent already working people do share in the benefits that spring from surplus value.

(d) It cannot be contended that the people's share in these benefits is so full as it ought to be. This is proved by inspecting the poorer quarters of any large town and comparing them indoors and out of doors with the houses of the wealthy. Most certainly, this disproportion is not to be all put down to industry, and thrift, and public services rendered by the wealthy, and to idleness, wastefulness, and crime on the part of the poor.

(e) State interference to rectify this wrongful inequality is of the nature of a surgical operation, to be dispensed with where

¹ This important point is well urged in Mr. Egmont Hake's *The Coming Individualism*, pp. 266, 267.

not necessary. It exhausts and weakens the commonwealth; and, recklessly applied, the remedy may hinder a recovery which would have gradually taken place without it.¹ *Ne magistratus inferat se importunius*, which we may translate, "let not the magistrate interfere where he is not wanted," says Leo XIII., and he says again: "let not the State interfere with the inner management and daily routine of associations of workmen: for the life of a living organism depends on an inward principle, and is easily crushed out of it by pressure from without."²

(f) There is no heroic remedy to ensure the right application of riches. There is no constitution of society that can guarantee the abolition either of poverty or of oppression of the poor. The utmost that can be done is to make men moral and religious, and then, in the main, surplus value will be rightly employed.

II.—THE PEOPLE FALLACY.

By no one was it suggested that the democracy could possibly, after having secured the power, put it to any other use than one beneficial to the masses. . . . Our Collectivist opponents . . . draw no distinction between the government, the ruling officials, and the collectors and consumers of the taxes on the one hand, and the governed, working, and tax-paying people on the other. . . . By assuming that the people and the government are one, . . . by not distinguishing between the nation and the government, . . . they suppose that what is given to the government is given to the individual.³

We cannot follow Mr. Egmont Hake in all that he says, but his book, on the whole, yields much profitable thought. In particular his chapter on "The Haven of Socialism" is a production that we may safely defy any man to read, and understand, and remain a Socialist in conviction. We quote one passage:

If we condense all the far-fetched and roundabout ideas of the Socialists, we find that, according to them, Socialism elevates and improves the character of the people to such an extent that they will be both able and willing to establish a perfect government, a perfect bureaucracy, and a perfect police. On the other hand, that the perfect government, the perfect bureaucracy, and the perfect police will render the people perfect. No reason is ever supplied to prove that either the

¹ See this argued in *The Coming Individualism*, by A. Egmont Hake, the first six chapters.

² Encyclical on the Condition of the Working Classes.

³ *The Coming Individualism*, pp. 52, 254—255. By A. Egmont Hake.

government or the people would be perfect under a Socialistic system, but these desiderata are taken for granted and are made the premises for long dissertations on the advantages that would result to a country thus favoured.¹

I am not, however, now concerned with the difficulties that would beset Socialism in practice, but with the fallacies that prop up the theory, and notably with what I call the "People Fallacy," referred to by Mr. Hake in the first passage I have quoted. It was my fortune some time ago, at the end of a public lecture on Socialism, to be asked some difficulties by a working man. He was no profound or clear-sighted questioner, but I really felt grateful to him, because he fired upon me, one after the other, what I may call the two big guns of Socialism. He began with a discharge of small arms, asking me how it was consistent with our Lord's precept, *Do as ye would be done by*, to defend private capital, which meant the exploitation of the workman. The reply was a denial that private capital necessarily did mean the exploitation of the workman. Then the first big gun, *surplus value*, was brought up and fired. The objector said that of course the private capitalist exploited the workman by putting into his own pocket the surplus value, the product of the workman's toil. Now inasmuch as this matter of surplus value needs a deal of discussion, I thought it simpler to turn the flank of my opponent, by pointing out that his dear Socialist State would also exploit the workman by putting the surplus value into the public purse. This drew the fire of the second big gun, *the people*, and I was told that whatever went to the people was the workman's own. I replied by calling attention to a pamphlet I held in my hand (*Socialism*, Catholic Truth Society), and a heading in that pamphlet, *Political Difficulties of Socialism*: there the discussion dropped. I propose to follow up that issue now.

A great philosopher was once unwise enough to propose that wives and children should be in common, and that no man should have a wife of his own. The benefit that he anticipated from such promiscuity was that every individual of the elder generation would regard every individual of the younger generation as a son or daughter, and love and cherish the person accordingly. Aristotle's criticism of the arrangement was this: that the elder man would think on seeing the younger, *There goes my son, or So-and-So's, or So-and-So's*, to ten thousand terms; and the interest he would take in him and the affection

¹ P. 104.

he would bear him would be represented by the fraction $\frac{1}{10000}$. Then said Aristotle to his class, and the saying has come down to us: "Better have one cousin all to yourself than ten thousand such sons."¹

Similarly, if you with 9999 others are joint owner of all the capital in a commune, the value and significance of your ownership will also be represented by $\frac{1}{10000}$. This is your share of property from an individualistic point of view. But, it will be contended, this is a wrong point of view from which to consider the matter: we should consider it in a collectivist spirit: the individual no longer thinks of himself: he has no mind but the public mind, no interest but the common interest, no desire but that the will of the majority be accomplished. In other words, he has changed his nature: man under Socialism is not man as we have known him in history for twenty-five centuries. That suppression of the individual, that disappearance of the private person in the common body, which is supposed, not very kindly, to be characteristic of the Society of Jesus, has now taken place in all mankind, or at least all over Great Britain, or the United States, or whatever the land be in which the Earthly Paradise of Socialism is located. That unfixing of the individual, and concentration of all affections and desires upon one common good, is brought about without any novitiate, or any of those long years of training in which the young Jesuit is slowly disciplined and fashioned to the ideal of his Order. The Socialist "People" is certainly a peculiar people, very unlike the selfish peoples who figure in history. In face of such magnificent assumptions of unanimity it is impossible to argue. The sight of the ten thousand citizen proprietors all with one accord investing their capital and disposing of their profits, is sublime, in fact quite unlike anything on earth. It reminds one of a game of war, that two civilians out walking in the country used to play, defending imaginary fortified positions against one another. Any proposed attack on what seemed a weak point was met by the rejoinder: "Oh, I forgot to tell you, that's just where I had posted three regiments and a big battery." With power of creating regiments and batteries just as they happened to be wanted, it might not be impossible for an amateur commander to hold his ground against Lord Roberts of Kandahar.

There is no use in Socialists pointing to the unanimity, such

¹ Aristotle's *Ethics*, b. ii. ch. ii.

as it is, with which the government of the country is at present carried on, or the affairs of a great mercantile company are managed. The individual does not depend on either the government or the company, as he would depend upon the Socialist State for all he has. To increase dependence is to awaken a keener interest; and keen interest in the breast of each of a multitude of individuals about the same concern is a strong incentive to dissension, if not about the end, at least about the means to be employed. Besides, no government and no company is under popular control such as Socialists anticipate.

We may then confidently expect that the ten thousand co-proprietors will be of anything but one mind about the disposal of their patrimony. If we reckon the gross income of Great Britain at twelve hundred millions, with twenty-five million adults to own it in common, it is clear how far every individual will be from having his own way in the disposal of this mighty inheritance. All that can be done is to effect a compromise, which will quite please no man, and will be regarded by not a few with mighty discontent. This, unless Rousseau's transformation of the individual into the general will is really to come about. *Chacun de nous met en commun sa personne et toute sa puissance sous la suprême direction de la volonté générale; et nous recevons encore chaque membre comme partie indivisible du tout. A l'instant, au lieu de la personne particulière de chaque contractant, cet acte d'association produit un corps moral et collectif, composé d'autant de membres que l'assemblée a de voix, lequel reçoit de ce même acte son unité, son moi commune, sa vie et sa volonté.*¹ And again: *Le citoyen consent à toutes les lois, même à celles qu'on passe malgré lui.*² All which we take to be true "only in a Pickwickian sense." In no ordinary sense of language is it true that an overborne and discontented minority willingly consents to the action of the majority, and that the individual cannot but will what the community wills. We shall be told again that in the Socialist State the minority never will be discontented, and the individual will have his every wish fulfilled in achieving the good pleasure of the majority. Such is the wonderful perfection of the Socialist People. But before the People are quite turned Socialist, it would be well to let them know, as novices in a Religious Order are told, what perfection is expected of them, that they may not engage in their new state otherwise than with their eyes open.

¹ *Contrat Social*, i. 6.

² *Ibid.* iv. 2.

This much of theory, but in sad and sober fact parties would run high in the Socialist Utopia. The government would be democratic to the last degree: nothing being further from the Socialist purpose than the entrusting of political power and control of all capital to the hands of a few, or of any number short of the whole multitude, who will decide all things in the last resort by a direct vote of manhood suffrage, and apparently woman suffrage also. There are here potent elements of dissension and party intrigue. Democracy is not always a harmonious government: we know it in history to have been very much the reverse: not always a kind and indulgent government: it has frequently been cruel, stern, and even sanguinary. There is a lamentable want of historic knowledge in the Socialist school. Now, social science without history is very much like chemistry without experiments. The facts of past history are a check upon theories of government and economics. I have been myself struck, in lecturing on social and political science to a class of young men, how little such words as *democracy*, *revolution*, *oligarchy*, meant to them, because they had not examples vividly before their mind, supplied by any intimate acquaintance with past times. Socialists of late have taken to adorning their pages with Greek learning, but it is rather artistic and poetical than historical. I cannot but think that an acquaintance with the democracies of Athens and Corcyra, as they appear in the pages of Thucydides, would raise in a Socialist mind grave fears for his Popular Assembly, a more democratic body than ever sat on the Pnyx hill at Athens, and with a grasp upon the wealth and industries of its citizens which the Athenian Demos never dreamt of, and, had he dreamt of it, would have put aside as a bad dream and evil infringement of liberty. Still the Athenian Demos was an unruly body, and lost the empire of the world by its very unruliness. There is every reason to expect the Socialist Demos to be still more unruly, and very much less capable.

III.—THE GREAT POST OFFICE FALLACY.

I do not know that Socialists are great admirers of our public buildings. They may be blind to the splendours of the Law Courts, where the Law of Property is administered. They may regard the Admiralty, the Foreign Office, and the Horse Guards, as emblems of the waste of the People's money. The

Queen and the Royal Family, they think, might be economically stowed away in St. James's Palace, leaving her other residences to the People. Westminster to them is the home of *bourgeoisie* counsels, of a falling aristocracy, and an effete Church. On the other hand, the Lions in Trafalgar Square have for Socialists a strange fascination. Thither their thin processions stream on Sunday afternoons, much as Charles Edward in 1745 marched to Derby, "neither joined by friends nor opposed by enemies." But the building that they do really love, and centre their predilections upon, is the General Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand. The Post Office is to them the one model Government institution, a sort of earnest and first instalment of Socialism to come. Listening to their organs, one hears, not *toujours perdrix*, but *toujours Post Office*. They can never have enough of the Post Office, and fancy that the rest of mankind can never have too much of it. All our misgivings about the working of Socialism are met with the cry, Look at the Post Office. Because letters, in the interval between posting and delivery, are the property of the Postmaster General, they argue that all capital should be the property of the State. Because the State has the monopoly of all letter-carrying, they consider that it should have the monopoly of all capitalistic production. Because it distributes letters, it should receive rents. Because it does one thing well, it can do all things well. This line of argument I have ventured to call the G.P.F. (Great Post Office Fallacy).

There are two things about letters, the writing of them and the sending of them, or production and distribution. There is also a third thing, not always unattended with labour and annoyance, and that is the reading of them: but that perhaps is the office of the consumer. It will be enough if the State bakes our bread, without eating it for us, even though it be hard of digestion. But to justify the eulogies of Socialists, the State certainly ought to write our letters.

It ought to produce the commodity as well as distribute it: just as it will dig our coals and boil our soap, besides carrying and retailing those commodities. Then certainly, if it can keep up its present efficiency, the Post Office will be a prodigious boon to the nation, and may go far towards reconciling us to the general establishment of Socialism. Then we shall buy a letter, as we buy a newspaper,—in the Socialist Commonwealth. There all the newspapers will be written by the Government

scribes, who will tell the people what Government think they ought to be told. A private paper could not possibly be allowed: for a paper, if it is a success, is a paying concern, one form of capitalistic enterprise, which of course could not be permitted in private hands. As the Socialist Government, it is hoped, will not contradict itself, in the manner that private papers now deny one another's statements, or pronounce them "premature," or "crude," or "blank nonsense," one public paper, the *Moniteur*, will be enough in each Socialist commune, and every citizen will be expected to buy a copy out of his wages. As the paper will be sold for a good deal more than it is worth, that will be one form of State taxation. But to return to the manufacture and distribution of letters.

Here my Socialist friend steps in to inform me that his Government will not undertake the manufacture, or production, of letters, but only the distribution of them, which is all that the department does at present, whose Head Office is at St. Martin's-le-Grand. This makes a change in the argument, and much shakes our confidence in the conclusion. To argue from successful distribution to successful production is to over-leap a chasm. It is, for wholesale purposes, a greater transition than from tailoring to ironwork. The need never ceases for reminding Socialists, that the question between them and their opponents is, not whether certain enterprises are not better left in State hands, or in municipal hands, but whether all private enterprise is to be forbidden.

Let us go into the matter seriously, considering what the Post Office really does: what evidence is thence forthcoming for the advisability of converting the whole carrying and distributing trade into a State monopoly; and whether the success of the Post Office in distributing our letters is any valid encouragement to us to commit to Government the sole manufacture of all our commodities. What the Post Office really does is this: it gets private companies to carry the letters for it: the letters which it thus gets carried are written, great part of them, on the business of private capitalists; and the said letters are paid for with the money made by private capitalists. The conclusion that really follows from these facts is, that it would be a hazardous experiment to abolish the private company and the private capitalist,—hardly the conclusion that Socialists are looking for. We see thousands of mail-carts and letter-vans driving about, the property of the Postmaster General: but I

do not know that he owns a single locomotive, certainly not a line of railway, nor a fleet of steamships. He makes contracts with the great railway and steamboat companies to carry his letters for him. These private corporations compete for his favour, and he reaps the benefit of their enterprise and ingenuity. They all vie with one another to get his custom, and try "who can execute his business best. If they were all his servants, and their capital part of his administration, I fear the cry would reach him: "You send too many letters by the London and North-Western." At present the word goes from him to them: "If you gentlemen cannot expedite my letters quicker, I shall not renew your contract, and will send the letters another way." Which of these arrangements is better? In a general way, we are proud of the English Government: but we should be the last people to wish to see the dead hand of Government everywhere. For a dead hand it would be, did it not continually receive life on all sides from the abounding vitality of private enterprise. To this private enterprise the Post Office at present ministers, carrying the mandate of private enterprise all over the earth, and receiving in payment for service rendered some portion of the wealth which private enterprise produces.

Whatever be the success of the Post Office, it is not enough to warrant our establishing a Railway Office with supreme command of all our railways, and a Shipping Office supreme over all our ships. This would be nationalising the carrying trade. But, as we have seen, the Post Office does not supply universally the means of carrying even letters: it arranges with private companies for carrying them. There is no evidence therefore, so far, of the competence of the State to build all locomotives and steamers, lay down new railways, keep old ones in repair, and do the work of all the great companies to whom the Post Office at present gives its contracts. As a piece of logic, this argument from unlike to unlike, and from one term to a series of dissimilar terms, is an outrage upon the laws of thought.

Still less does the Post Office supply any argument for the nationalising of our means of production. The simple fact should be borne in mind, that the Post Office does not produce letters; it distributes them, and that is all. If letters longed for are not written, you don't blame the postman. The postman is not answerable for the quality of the letters that he delivers, whether they are well or ill written, contain good or bad news, are kind or harsh. In this the Post Office is unlike the gas

company, which not only distributes gas, but likewise manufactures it, and is responsible for its quality. Still more is the postman unlike the soap-boiler, whose soap, if it is a poor article for its price, may be set aside by foreign competition. The distributive function of the Post Office bears no analogy to the work of production; nor does the successful nationalising of the one afford any valid expectation of success to attend the nationalising of the other.

One thing we have learned from the Post Office, and are thankful to know, that a strike is possible in a government department. The advent of Socialism therefore, and of government departments everywhere, will not deliver us from that blight of our present social economy, strikes. Or will a strike be treated as a mutiny, and the hands marched to their work, if necessary, under the prickings of fixed bayonets? Socialists leaders should let the workman know that, before he votes for a Socialist representative in Parliament.

Truly, Mr. Socialist, this is a sad world: there is no joy for you under the dome of St. Paul's, and small consolation at St. Martin's-le-Grand.

One should read Socialist works and listen to Socialist speeches rather in sorrow than in anger. The bulk of Socialists are poor, half-educated, simple-minded people, able to take but a narrow view of life, which view includes much misery and small hope. It is not for a man of education, comfortably fed and well-housed, to get indignant at these poor people. They know of no heaven beyond the grave: they see around them some image of hell upon earth: they have no breadth of mind, no amplitude of knowledge, to furnish tests for distinguishing visionary new worlds from practicable improvements of their condition: they are miserable, and see their comrades in misery, needy in the midst of plenty: what wonder if they readily believe that their misery is all of the rich man's making, that their submersion has been his elevation, and that they can only rise by bringing him down to their level? We must teach them otherwise, and at the same time labour on their behalf, in the conviction that all the glories of our Empire are incomplete, and even insecure, till we can establish justice and equity, sympathy and a common interest, between workman and employer.

Roman Congregations.

III.

"WE have determined to parcel out the burden of the Pontificate—a burden to be dreaded by the shoulders even of the angels—among the Senators of the world, Our Brethren the Cardinals; and this by a fitting distribution in accordance with the circumstances of the time, the amount and variety of business, and considerations of utility." These were the words of Sixtus V. in the Bull by which he moulded into shape the Roman Congregations.

A certain number of Cardinals form part of every Sacred Congregation. When the elevation of a Cardinal is announced in the Consistory, he is forthwith attached to some one or to several of the Roman Congregations. Bearing in mind the admonition of the Scriptures, that where there is much counsel there is safety, the Cardinals of a Congregation were to call into consultation certain learned men, well skilled in Theology and in Pontifical and Civil Law. By this means the causes and questions and matters of business which came before the Congregation, having been thoroughly discussed, would be settled as should appear to be most in accordance with justice and equity, the glory of God and the welfare of souls.

"All more grave matters," Sixtus continues, "are to be brought before Ourselves, and Our successors, so that what may be expedient in the sight of God We may, with the aid of His grace, establish."

Every Congregation was to have its own Secretary. He was originally chosen by the Cardinals themselves, but afterwards the custom prevailed of his being nominated by the Pontiff through the Secretary of State. In course of time, and with the accumulation of business, the Secretary came to have assistant secretaries and other officials provided and assigned to him.

The Consultors also are not now chosen by the Cardinals.

They are nominated by the Pontiff through the Secretary of State. The Consultors are selected from the ranks both of the secular clergy and of the religious orders. The Consultors have a *consultative* vote, but not a *deliberative* vote, in the Congregation. Their consultative vote is, however, to be reckoned as carrying with it great weight. Hence the Consultors are held to form part of the Congregation. If they are Regulars, they are regarded as having their destination from the Pope himself to reside in Rome, and to form part of the Roman Curia. The Consultors give their services gratuitously. The Roman Congregations may also at times take the opinion or vote of the Sacred Rota, or of some other of the Roman tribunals. This vote is *consultative* only.

Since all business could not be conveniently transacted by the Cardinals of the Congregation in a body, there is in most of the Congregations a Cardinal Prefect. Of the Holy Office, the Pontiff has reserved the prefecture to himself.

Every Congregation accepts the business offered to it, if that business is within its competence. There is nothing, however, in this acceptance to prevent the business being, on further consideration, remitted to another Congregation. Some business is of grave character, and some is of less grave character. Some is extrajudicial, and some is judicial. On stated days, and generally at least once a week, the Cardinal Prefect with the Secretary holds a Congress, at which other officials are present. This is to expedite lesser matters, and to prepare matters of greater moment for a full assembly of the Cardinals. The Cardinal Prefect's Congress deliberates and determines whether a matter which has been brought forward is to be regarded as grave, or as less grave, and whether it is judicial, or is extrajudicial. The Cardinal Prefect and the Secretary apart, or outside a Congress, can decide such ordinary business as does not require deliberation. Judicial matters are reckoned amongst grave matters, since they involve the rights of litigants, and these must not be damaged. They are therefore to be decided by the Congregation of Cardinals in full assembly, as by a collegiate tribunal. All grave matters, whether judicial or extrajudicial, are reserved for the deliberation of all the Cardinals of the Congregation, unless the cases are clear on the face of them. Since it is, however, by favour of the Pontiff that these affairs are expedited, they are taken by the Secretary, or by the Cardinal Prefect himself, to an audience of His Holiness.

Judicial business should be drawn up in judicial form, with the allegations and proofs of parties on both sides. Such causes very frequently come before the Roman Congregations by way of Appeal. In this case the processes of the first cause are examined, along with any supplementary documents; and the issue to be proposed will be that the sentence of the lower court of first instance is either to be confirmed, to be reversed, or to be modified. Sometimes, however, contested cases are brought in the first instance before Roman Congregations. The practice is then to remit the process of proof to be transacted before ordinary judges, and thereafter submitted to the deliberation of the Congregation. It is to be observed that there is a marked distinction and difference between judicial argument and definitive decision. The latter can be come to without the clamour of a court, after tranquil examination of deductions which have been reduced to writing. What Sixtus V. and Innocent XII. ordained on this head was confirmed by Benedict XIII. The spirit of the Constitutions of those Pontiffs is still carried out in practice as far as it can be carried out at the present day. To this rule, as it affects the Roman Congregations generally, there has been an exception in the case of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, and that from the date of its institution. On account of its special method of inquiry, which is conducted with the utmost secrecy, the process is drawn up by its own officials. Not unfrequently, however, the drawing up of the process is committed to the Ordinaries, with directions as to the procedure to be followed, and with an obligation to strict secrecy under oath.

Even when causes which have been already drawn up are brought for final and supreme decision to the Roman Congregations, they are nevertheless not decided before citation of the parties to the suit. They are summoned to appear either by themselves in person, or through their procurators, in order that they may agree on the issue or doubt which is to be submitted for answer to the Congregation of Cardinals. Further arguments may also then be added to the case by either party, or exception may be taken by either party to arguments already brought by the other side.

In the Roman Congregations there is appointed a *Relator* or reporter of the cause. He is commonly a Cardinal, and is called the Cardinal Ponent. There is an exception in the case of the Sacred Congregation for Interpretation of the Council of

Trent, in which the Relator is the Secretary of the Congregation. It is for the Relator or Ponent, as those names imply, to relate or lay down the cause in a full assembly of the Cardinals, and to give his own vote. This vote is a *deliberative* vote, if the Relator is a Cardinal, that is to say, if he is the Cardinal Ponent. If the Secretary is the Relator, his vote is *consultative* only. The Secretary afterwards refers to the Pope, for his confirmation, the deliberations of the Congregation in matters of moment. If the business should seem to exceed the ordinary competence of the Congregation, the Secretary petitions for a grant of the necessary faculties.

If approbation and confirmation by the Pontiff is to be added to the decision of the Cardinals, or if it is the Pontiff himself who is to grant the favour which the Cardinals are of opinion ought to be granted, there is added to their answer the clause—"Having had a word with His Holiness." This fact is also sufficiently expressed when the issue proposed is—"Is His Holiness to be counselled" to grant this or that? and the answer is either Yes or No.

The deliberations of the assembly of Cardinals of the Congregation are, *in respect of the Pope, consultative*, and this of the very nature of them. They amount to a *consultative* vote, as compared with a *deliberative* vote; and they are not put in execution without the assent and command of the Pontiff. Hence in the Acts of the Congregations mention is made of the Secretary's reference of the matter to the Pope, in these words—"And a faithful relation having been made of all these things to our Most Holy Lord by the undersigned Secretary, His Holiness," &c.

When a contested cause, the process of which has already been sufficiently drawn up in judicial form, is proposed to a Sacred Congregation for settlement, whether as to a court of first instance, or by way of appeal, then after it has been deliberated in the Cardinal Prefect's *Congress* as to whether the case is to be accepted for decision, and after it has also been ascertained that the case is in reality a *judicial* case, it may be decreed that the cause is to be brought forward in *full assembly* of the Cardinals, and that the parties to the suit are to be cited to appear, in order that they may agree on the precise issue or point of doubt to be submitted for decision to the Congregation. This is what is meant by the decree—"Let it be placed on the

Folio, and the parties cited." The *Folio* is the official printed relation of the case.

Sometimes a cause is to be conducted *economically*—that is to say, with the vote of one or two Consultors, who take up the gratuitous patronage of the case—if the cause is one of importance, and if the parties are not able to employ an Advocate or Procurator. The Consultors are not, however, to play the part of an advocate, but are to act for the truth. This economical conduct of causes has place very often at the present day in the Congregation of the Council, when the petitioners in marriage cases are poor persons. A Summary of the petitions, as it is called, is drawn up, along with the grounds relied on, both of *law*, and of *fact*; and it is printed to be laid before a full assembly of the Cardinals of the Congregation.

Not only judicial business, but also extrajudicial business, must be drawn up in form. In order to prudent deliberation on any business matter it is necessary to have a previous knowledge, which is full and accurate, of the case in all its bearings both of *fact* and of *law*.

It is a general rule in the Roman Congregations that a case is not proceeded with until the proper Ordinary of the petitioner, or, in the case of Regulars, the Superior General, or at least the Provincial of the Order to which the petitioner belongs, has been heard. Information is sought from these Superiors, along with their views on the case. If the matter should concern third parties, there is added a clause in the mandate for information—"After hearing those who have interest." This is a method or *style*, as it is called, of the Roman Curia.

The Acts which proceed from Roman Congregations are of four kinds. In the first place there are Rescripts which are issued at the request of some petitioner, or when some one has asked for counsel from a Sacred Congregation. Some Rescripts concern the granting of favours; and others the settling of contested questions. The latter, if they are issued to put an end to a judicial contention, have the special name of *Judicial Sentences*. This is given to distinguish these Rescripts from other Rescripts, since the word *Rescript* by itself has a general signification which includes both kinds of Rescripts.

There are other Acts of a Sacred Congregation which do not proceed from consultation of the Congregation by private

persons, but are issued by the Congregation in the exercise of its office, or of its own accord. These are called *Decrees* of the Congregation. By means of them something is decreed with regard to discipline or law.

There are also *Epistles* of Sacred Congregations, as when either the Ordinaries or the faithful are admonished about some matter; or when there has been a request from the Ordinaries for a vote or animadversion by the Congregation on matters which are being pressed by petitioners.

The General Decrees which are promulgated by order of the Sovereign Pontiff have force of law in every land as being Pontifical Constitutions. To this class belong the General Decrees of the Holy Office and of the Sacred Congregation of the Index, and the Decrees *Urbis et Orbis* which are published by the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

The interpretative declarations of existing laws which are given with previous consultation of the Pontiff, and which consequently proceed from Apostolic authority, not merely in a general way in virtue of the communication of it to the Congregation, but in a special manner from the Pope's special approval, are *decisive* declarations, and have force of universal law. They bind both in the external forum and in the court of conscience, and that even if they have not been published. It is sufficient to quote and appeal to them as to common law.

Benedict XIV. says that it was the special glory of the writings which he himself published before he was Pope, that in them he had in no way departed from the judgments of the Roman Congregations. The Sacred Rota, which was the most illustrious tribunal of the Catholic world previous to the erection of the Roman Congregations, is particularly distinguished by its veneration for their judgments. It distinctly declared in a Rotal cause in 1725, that the resolutions emanating from the Sacred Congregations by way of universal law are everywhere to be observed in every point, and to be received as laws in every tribunal; and especially "in our own sacred auditorium," with the reverence which is their due. The Dataria also has consulted the Sacred Congregations for its guidance.

A third class of Decrees consists of those given in causes which the Congregations have power to decide in virtue of their ordinary faculties; although, as matter of fact, they are always submitted for the sanction of the Sovereign Pontiff. The fourth class of Decrees consists of those which settle matters which, of

their own nature, or in virtue of usage, are transacted simply through an audience of the Pope. "*From audience of His Holiness*," is a formula of frequent occurrence in Rescripts.

Rescripts are of various forms. With these forms there varies the authority of those who are to execute them. Rescripts may be addressed directly to the petitioners; but the Sacred Congregations are in the habit of sending them to the Ordinary of the diocese, or to some other man of eminence who is entrusted with the execution of them. Those Rescripts which bestow gratuitous favours are *Privileges*; and, as Privileges are exemptions or exceptions from general law, they constitute a *particular* law for the person to whom they are granted. It is, for this reason, not expedient to grant Privileges to subjects without the knowledge of their local superior. It is from the manner in which Rescripts are entrusted for *execution* that the various *forms* of Rescripts are derived. Some Rescripts are *in form of a grace*, or gratuitous favour. In this case the favour is granted directly to the person favoured; and there is no commission for *execution* of the Rescript. The words of form are—"The Sacred Congregation has benignly granted to the petitioner the grace asked for." The executor of this form of Rescript has assigned to him merely the bare ministry of executing the favour asked for; without any duty of judicial inquiry into the circumstances of the petitioner, or the opportuneness of the grant. He ought, however, to abstain from execution of the Rescript, if it is *notorious* that the favour has been surreptitiously obtained. In matters of notoriety there is no need of proof through judicial inquiry.

Rescripts are said to be granted in an *absolutely commissory form*, when the grant is remitted entirely to the judgment and conscience of him who is to execute it. In this case the words of the form are—"The Sacred Congregation remits the prayers of the petitioner to the judgment and conscience of the Bishop, along with the necessary faculties." By these words the favour is not yet granted. It remains dependent on the judgment of the Bishop. He has power to grant it, or to refuse it, as he shall judge before God to be expedient.

Rescripts are said to be granted *in a mixed form*, when the Sacred Congregation agrees to grant the favour, but under condition of inquiry by the executor of the Rescript into the truth of certain statements. The formula is then as follows—

"The Sacred Congregation benignly consented, and therefore commanded it to be committed to the Bishop (or other executor) that he should grant to the petitioner the favour asked for, if the facts narrated are true." In this case the executor cannot at will either grant the favour, or refuse the favour. He must put the Rescript in execution, if the petitioner's statements are found by him on investigation to be true. A Rescript of *mixed form* may also contain stipulation of certain observances as necessary conditions of the grant.

Who the executors of a Rescript are to be, may be discovered from the tenor of the document itself. The Roman Congregations are, however, as we have seen, generally in the habit of sending their Rescripts for execution to the Ordinary of the diocese. By the *Ordinary* is meant the Bishop and his Vicar-General. Either of them can execute the Rescript. If it should happen that the Bishop is open to suspicion, or if without reasonable cause he refuses to execute the Rescript, execution of it is committed to the Metropolitan, or to the nearest of the neighbouring Bishops. In matters which regard the government of Regular Orders, execution is committed to the Regular Superior, that is, to the General, or the Procurator General, or the Provincial.

In the case of *Sentences* given by Roman Congregations in contested causes, the general practice is that, at the instance of either party, there is sent to that party an authenticated copy of the Sentence. For this he has to pay certain small expenses, some by way of tax, and some to defray the cost of printing the Folio of the cause, that is, the official compendium of the case. There are also sometimes certain extraordinary expenses such as the fee to an expert, not being an official consultor, whose opinion the Sacred Congregation has thought fit to take. If the unsuccessful party acquiesces in the Sentence, and spontaneously submits himself for execution of it, nothing farther is required. If, on the other hand, the unsuccessful party resists execution of the Sentence, it is then in the interest of the successful party to demand from the local Ordinary execution of the Sentence as soon as possible. In any case it is always well for the Ordinary to have an authenticated copy of the Sentence, to lay up in his archives, for future reference, if need be.

The reason why Judicial Sentences by Roman Congrega-

tions are sent directly to those whom they concern, and are not sent to executors, as in the case of Rescripts which grant favours, is because, while Rescripts of the latter class created a particular or private law or right, *judicial* sentences do not grant any *right*, or create any *law*. They simply declare and interpret existing law.

Execution of a Judicial Sentence can be hindered only by lawful appeal, within a given time, and made in a given way, as laid down by common law. In the Roman Congregations appeal is called the *benefit of a new hearing*. This is because, since the Congregations are *supreme* tribunals, there cannot be any *appeal*, properly so called, to a higher tribunal. There can be only a new examination of the case by the same judges.

In order to hinder waste of time and money in unnecessary appeals, the Cardinals sometimes add to their Sentence the clause—"And further" (*et amplius*), or the longer clause which explains it—"Let not the cause be further, or again, brought forward." *Ad amplius* is a technical term which was in use in the old Roman commonwealth. It was used by the Judges to announce the adjournment of the hearing of a case; and by the Senators when they gave their sanction to a proposal, but made an addition to it. The adjournment by the judge to a day at his discretion was called *Ampliatio*. The same term, "And further," is used at the present day by the Senators of the Roman Pontiff, when they act as judges in the Roman Congregations. "Yes, and further," or "No, and further," are phrases which, as used by them, are stereotyped to signify that, since the matter has already been sufficiently, and more than sufficiently, discussed in the Sacred Congregation, and decided as it stands, by votes taken in full assembly, it will not be readmitted for further consideration.

Most events get into the newspapers now-a-days, and among them even Answers from the Roman Congregations. The average journalist as a rule misunderstands these Answers, or blunders over them. This is not surprising. The Answers cannot be read simply by the light of nature. It may be of service therefore, as well as of interest to our readers, to give the precise meaning of some of the laconic phrases, and sometimes even single words, which are all that the Sacred Congregations not seldom give by way of answer. The use of these words or phrases is neither an eccentricity, nor an

anachronism. Every science and every art has its own terminology. It makes use of technical terms which are proper to it, and which cannot be transferred to other sciences and arts without confusion and error, or at least danger of misleading. As dogmatic theology has its own doctrinal *tessera*, and as the scholastic philosophy has its own scientific terms, so have the Sacred Congregations their own legal language. The meaning which underlies and is conveyed by every word of their phraseology is precise, ascertained, and definite. It is, as it were, crystallized. This precludes all need of lengthened statement, and of that circumlocution which is so often a seed-plot of controversy or of misinterpretation. In the fixity of their meaning the words in which the Congregations couch their answers are, for the initiated, as convenient as are code-words.

Decisions of an abstract question, or of some judicial contention, are given in form of answer to a question which has been proposed by way of doubt; and the answer may be a simple and final either Yes, or No. Sometimes, however, this will not wholly satisfy either the demands of the question, or the intention of the judges, and they add the words "To the mind"—or, "In the manner"—or, "So however." These words indicate some condition, or limitation to the general answer; or, without touching on the merits of the question, have reference to the equity or prudence of execution of the decision, or to some adjunct of fact in a particular case. In this case the mind of the Congregation may perhaps be manifested to those only to whom it confides execution of its decree.

It is proper to the Sacred Congregations, whether in settling questions of law in disputed cases, or in issuing general decrees, not to give the reasons in which their decisions rest. This is because, since the Congregations are acting directly in the name and place of the Pontiff, they are not bound, any more than the Pontiff is bound, to give reasons for their decrees. A reason is not to be demanded from the supreme ruler in any society for his government; and that whether the decree proceeds directly from the ruler himself, or from him through the intervention of other persons as his agents.

Sometimes, if the judges in a Sacred Congregation are of opinion that the cause has not been sufficiently drawn up in form for definite settlement, their answer is—"Deferred" (*Dilata*). Again, if either party to a suit is of opinion that other arguments ought to be added to the statement of the case, he

may present a petition for delay, and the judges may grant it by answering—"Deferred." When a Sacred Congregation has decided that a particular judicial cause ought not to be introduced, or that a particular favour is not to be granted, the formula of the refusal is—"Read," or "Read at the instance." This means that the Congregation, having read the petition, rejects it. If the answer is—"Referred," or "Related," it means that the Pontiff, on the petition being referred or related to him, has given judgment that it should not be entertained. Sometimes the answer is—"Not expedient;" and sometimes a simple—"Nothing."

If a Sacred Congregation holds that a contested case which has already been introduced is not to be proceeded with, or that certain documents which have been brought forward are not to be attended to, it may answer—*Reponatur*—"Let it be set aside." An answer is not given to the question, but the petition is placed in the archives of the Congregation. Sometimes to the formula, "Deferred," there is added the time to which the case is deferred, or the formula is—"Deferred to the next, without fail." This formula means that the case is to be brought forward in the next general congregation, and that no further delay will be granted.

The following formulas in assigning dates are redolent of religion, and quaint in their simplicity. "Deferred till after the Waters," means till after the autumnal holidays. "Till after the Kings," means till after the Epiphany. "Till after the Lambs," till after Easter. "Till after the Ashes," means till after the Carnival or Shrove-tide holidays. "Till after the Fire," means till after Pentecost.

Sometimes the Cardinals of the Congregation in full assembly do not wish to discuss and settle a case which has been brought forward, either because there is no time for an adequate decision, or because it does not seem opportune, and then the answer is—"Not brought forward." If the Cardinals wish the case to be more maturely examined, without addition however of any new matter either of *law* or of *fact*, and in the meantime to refrain from giving a decision, the formula is—"Let it be brought forward *with the same*."

Sometimes the Cardinals are of opinion that a case ought not to be finally decided by them until after sentence has been given in a lower court, either of first instance or of second instance, and this they intimate by the answer—"To their own

judges"—or, "Belongs to the Bishop"—or, "Let the petitioner refer the matter to the Bishop, and be guided by his judgment."

It not unfrequently happens that as matter of fact a case has already been settled by previous decrees of the same Sacred Congregation, and then the answer is—"Let the Decree (mentioning it) be given."

If it should be expedient, in a matter of moment which has been very generally neglected, to make provision not merely for a particular case, but universally in similar cases, the answer is—"Let a General Decree be given." If, on the other hand, the questions submitted are too general, and cannot be answered without risk of doubts emerging in particular cases, the answer may be—"Will be provided for in particular cases."

If a petitioner should ask for the recall of a decree which has already been issued by a Sacred Congregation, or for some alteration or modification of a sentence, either in whole or in part, the petition is in judicial cases made with a formula framed by way of doubt, such as—"Is the decision in the case to be stood by, or departed from?" and the answer may be—"In the decision," or, "In what has been decided," or, "In the Decrees." In that case the petition has not been heard; and, if it is brought up again, will not be listened to. The answer may also be "Yes, to the first part; No, to the second part"—or the reverse, as the case may be. In extrajudicial matters, the answers may be—"The Decree to be departed from"—or, "In the Decrees"—or, "Let the petitioner enjoy what is asked." In this latter case the petitioner is to be content with what he has obtained; and an extension of it, or any fresh demand, will not be granted.

When petitioners ask for answers to questions which have been already settled, if not by authority, at least in practice, and from the received opinions of Doctors, a Sacred Congregation, in order that it should not have the appearance of doing that which has been already done, will sometimes reply—"Let the petitioner use his own right;" or, if the Congregation does not want to give an authoritative doctrinal decision on the case—"Let him consult approved authors," those authors, namely, who are regarded in general estimation as grave and prudent, and who are as a rule commended in the theological schools, and especially those who stand high in the common judgment of the Ordinaries.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY, S.J.

In the closing days of Prince Charles.

I.

OVER the later years of Prince Charles Edward a veil of contemptuous indifference was flung. Not a veil of mercy, for the judgment formed of stray rumours as to what passed behind was anything rather than merciful. The main facts of that dismal existence are well enough known; the bitter misery, the deep degradation, the matrimonial misadventure. Sir Horace Mann, from his embassy at Florence, watched and listened with intermittent interest but ceaseless hostility, and described to Horace Walpole and others the scandals reported of the exiled royal household: sarcastically guessing when facts ran short.

In 1860, Von Reumont published a *Life of the Princess Louise of Stolberg*, called "Countess of Albany;" the woman whom at over fifty years of age Charles was wheedled by France into marrying, to their mutual misfortune. René Taillandier, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1861, wrote an interesting essay upon Von Reumont's book, adding his own researches in the Musée Fabre at Montpellier. Thither the papers and art treasures collected by Charles had found their way, and were added to by Alfieri the poet and Fabre the artist, the successive lovers of his faithless consort. Mr. Abraham Hayward, in his *Biographical and Critical Essays*, also reviewed Von Reumont very fully and with interesting addenda. A. C. Ewald, for his *Life of Prince Charles Stuart*, drew upon Sir Horace Mann and Von Reumont. "Vernon Lee" in her monograph, *The Countess of Albany*,¹ drew from Hayward's essay upon Von Reumont, from Alfieri's autobiography, and from five holograph love-letters written to him by the Queen.

None of these writers have tapped the voluminous correspondence of the Cardinal of York, presented to the British Museum chiefly by the Hon. Maria Otway Cave. There we find

¹ Eminent Women Series, 1883.

all the letters addressed to him by the Countess of Albany on her arrival in Rome after her flight from her husband; all the confidential letters written to him by the Duchess of Albany from the time of her arrival in Florence to take the management of her father's house, to that of their arrival in Rome, after his final departure from Florence. These are supplemented and explained by letters from Charles to his brother; and also by extracts from the Historical MSS. Commission Reports, which also were not known to Von Reumont and the later writers.

In 1771, France, still smarting under the loss of Canada and the humiliating Peace of Paris in 1763, bethought herself of the banished Prince, now *de jure* King of England, as a means of embarrassing the British Government. For long years he had been almost forgotten; out of sight, and so out of mind; his whereabouts known only to a few responsible English Ministers through the agency of spies, as has been only recently revealed by Mr. Andrew Lang.¹ In 1771, he was no longer in hiding, though living in gloomy unrecognized retirement in various towns of Italy. Report said that for many years past, he had abandoned himself hopelessly to drink and was hardly capable of leading a desperate enterprise, but he had never given up hope of recovering his lost crown, though his last and most faithful adherents had for eighteen years given him up. He lived in constant anticipation of being called to speak to his subjects in Westminster Hall; still, and to his dying day, he kept sufficient sequins in a box under his bed, to pay his expenses to England; determined, as René Taillandier touchingly says, at least to die standing, standard in hand, that he might efface the memory of his miserable life.

On March 15, 1771, Lord Caryll, one of the most faithful adherents of the banished Stuarts, writes to Charles of a conversation he has had with the Duc de Noailles on the subject of an impending invasion of England, preparation for which was being made beyond the Channel. "I have just received a letter from my agent in England," he says, "who assures me that things are now so far advanced that he only awaited my answer to put an end to this long pending affair." He regrets that the new regulations of the French posts will interfere with his procuring the public papers from England.²

¹ *Pickle the Spy*. By Andrew Lang. 1897.

² Hist. MSS. Comm. Reports, vol. x. 2. (Lord Bray's MSS).

But Charles was fifty, and his brother was a priest. Their next heir was the King of Sardinia—no name to conjure with in England, still less in Scotland, where it was rather the "auld Stuarts" than the kings by divine right who were beloved. A Prince of the ancient dynasty, even handicapped by intemperance, might become formidable to the well-established and prolific House of Hanover, if provided at once with a direct and promising heir; but he could not count for very much, however sober, without one. The Duc de Fitzjames, grandson *de la main gauche* of James II. was authorized by the French Government to offer to Charles a handsome pension and a settlement of 240,000 livres if he would marry to please them.

Charles rose at once to the bait. For nearly thirty years he had been waiting despairingly for French help, and at last French help was offered. England had always professed her readiness to rise if it were forthcoming, so now, surely, England would stand by her word. He was perfectly willing to marry any selected princess. On August 18, 1771, he left Siena, where he was then residing, with great secrecy and elaborate *ruses* for hiding his trail. The world was given to suppose that he had gone to seek a wife in Poland. Sir Horace Mann found out that he had disappeared, but failed to guess whither; and only heard how the Cardinal of York had replied to the inquiry of another *porporato*: "God prosper him! but he should have taken this resolution last year!"

He arrived in Paris on September 9, and put up at the Hôtel de Brunswick, Rue des Prouvaires, as Mr. Stonor.¹

Among Lord Braye's Stuart MSS. are three scraps endorsed by Caryll as notes "of no consequence, found among the papers brought from Paris by the King." There is a sketch of a note in Charles's hand to the Duc de Fitzjames; also the following memorandum:

Monday morning at 10½. The two houses by se or land. The D. signing present L. d. de F. [le Duc de Fitzjames], and only Doun to be consulted before making any attempt far off. My sayin to Gros and his brother in trede the affair enjoining the secret, as also the sovereign of the place; a renewal of Carignian's proposition. The economy, as one dose not even know if Gros [? the King of France] will guive funds, which would derange me very much. Ryan's writing immediately on or off. Iff on, wait for all things, and what is desired to be done, in as little time as possible, and come with it himself, to guive it in Mr. Gordon's name for a necessary security and remain near or at Paris for the answer.

¹ Hist. MSS. Comm. Reports, vol. x. 2. p. 224.

There are also two notes in his hand, dated Monday, September 9, to Mr. Gordon, Principal of the Scots' College at Paris, and to the Marquis d'Azi, Rue Neuve.

The Duc de Fitzjames was absent, but his son, the Marquis de Fitzjames, wrote to say they would both wait upon Charles on the morning of September 10, and hoped he would excuse their being in morning dress.

Several brides were under consideration, the favourite being the young Princess Marie Louise Ferdinande of Salm-Kryburg. Then, a crucial but inevitable test of French sincerity came in the way. Charles required that, now he was about to be married, he should be openly recognized as King of England and treated as his father was ; and that the subsidies granted to James III., and stopped at his death, should be continued to him. The money was promised, but not the recognition.¹

More fatal than that angry insistence was the fact that even now, when so much was at stake, Charles could not show himself fit to be entrusted with the conduct of important business. Summoned by the Duc de Choiseul to discuss the organizing of the expedition, he presented himself drunk. The Duc d'Aiguillon says he was drunk and besotted during the whole time of his stay in Paris, capable of committing any folly and absurdity, quite unfit to be trusted with secrets and schemes ;² confirming Sir Horace Mann's contemporary description of him as "a pitiful object, always drunk or fast asleep."

There is no condonation here for the vice which dealt a more fatal blow to the Stuart cause than treason, butchery, or fate. There is no hope of washing clean by happy discovery a memory so stained by hostile report. But to those who pause to weigh and judge, the dark close of that life whose dawn was so very fair, is surely for pity and tears rather than disgust. His was the darkest tragedy of all that befell his fated race. Glory of martyrdom, radiance of devotion, had always shone over his forefathers through treason, exile, and death. None had been tried as this man had. Think what it was to have come so near—so near to the heart's desire, to a noble and just desire—and to have lost ! Not by his own fault ; he had done well. Then, for the breaking of a high heart, broken pledges, bitter mortification, long years of hope deferred : for the ruin of

¹ Papers in the hand of the Marquis de Fitzjames. (Hist. MSS. Comm. Report, x. 2, p. 224.)

² Hayward, *Biographical and Critical Essays*.

an active temperament, nothing to do! Utterly lonely in desertion, yet surrounded by tempters, pointing an easy way to oblivion; tempters even suborned to tempt him to his undoing. Then surely we may look with compassion, not contempt, at the awful ruin of the winsome, the brave, the chivalrous Prince Charlie.

It is possible that while in Paris he may have seen his daughter, Charlotte Stuart, who lived with her mother, Clementina Walkinshaw, now known as Countess Albertstroff, in a convent at Meaux. This seems implied by a sentence in the memorial she addressed to the French King, which, though dated conjecturally "*vers 1766*" in the Stuart Papers, edited by Mr. F. Madan, and printed by the Roxburghe Club, no doubt because of the reference to the death of James III., would be more reasonably dated 1771 or 1772, since it refers to her father's impending marriage.

In 1760, Miss Walkinshaw, with her daughter, had left the Prince secretly and against his will. Though he had cared little for the mother, and their joint life had been most unhappy, he had always been devoted to his child. Failing to compel their return to him, he had troubled himself no further about them, and King James supported them comfortably in Paris and paid for Charlotte's education. Upon the King's death in 1766, the Cardinal of York took upon himself their support, but he never could forgive their existence, and cut down their allowance to bare necessity. They may have heard of Charles's presence in Paris from the Fitzjames, with whom they were on friendly terms, or Charles may have felt a sudden return of paternal affection, knowing his daughter to be near, and have sent for her. Perhaps he suggested the memorial, to be sent up after he left Paris. It runs:

Memorial by which the Lady Charlotte [as she was always styled in Paris] daughter of Prince Charles Edward, son of the King of England, James III., begs assistance from the generosity of the King of France.

The Lady Charlotte, daughter of Prince Charles Edward, retired to Rome since the death of his father, James III., King of England, was born in 1753, in the Prince's house at Liège. She was carried into church by his hands, baptized under the name he was bearing, brought up as his daughter in his household until she was seven years old, and presented in that quality to all the English gentlemen who visited him during his sojourns at Liège, at Basle, and at Bouillon.

Her mother, of one of the first Scottish families, allied to the house of Stuart, for which many of her relatives have shed their blood and lost their lives, was treated by the Prince as his wife and known on his different journeys by the same name as himself. She received in 1760 the command of the late King of England to take her daughter to Paris to procure for her an education suitable to her birth, and to give her masters, which could not be hoped for at home with the Prince, then wandering from town to town. From that time the King of England placed the child under the protection of France. He took all their expenses upon himself, and during his life he fulfilled these engagements with a generosity worthy of the goodness of his heart.

At his death, the Prince, his son, was deprived of the subsidies which France and Spain had granted to his father. The Cardinal of York reduced the pension which the mother and daughter had enjoyed to a sum of 5,000 livres, and for the height of misfortune they have not been able to find out what dispositions the late King may have made in their favour. In this state of distress, they have waited to see what might turn up. The new marriage of the Prince has altered the condition of both. Exasperated by a separation which he felt very keenly, though commanded by the King his father, he has not continued to take the same interest in them. The Lady Charlotte his daughter is fully persuaded of his tenderness for her; she has received recent proofs of his attachment, she hopes everything from his kindness, but she is convinced that he cannot carry out the plans he has made for her without the help of France. She ventures to implore the protection and kindness of the King. She reminds His Majesty that she is the last scion of a Sovereign house, allied to the House of France, celebrated for its misfortunes, and which has sacrificed its dominions for the sake of religion; the only child of an unfortunate Prince, who has for long shared the fortunes of His Majesty's arms, and who has made generous efforts to oblige France [this seems to point at his readiness to marry to oblige France]. The services rendered to his father by the Scottish gentlemen have gained for them annual subsistence. She dares to hope the same assistance will not be refused to the daughter of him who fought at their head, and who inspired them with that courage and zeal which rendered them worthy of His Majesty's kindness and liberality.

In spite of the bridegroom's lamentable ineligibility, the marriage negotiations, if not the preparations for invasion, went on. All was settled upon except the bride. Charles returned to Italy to make arrangements with his brother and the Pope, leaving full power with Colonel Ryan, of Berwick's regiment, to arrange matters with the Princess of Salm: or failing her, with any princess of suitable rank, birth, age, and appearance.

The Marquis de Fitzjames accompanied him, but returned to Paris in November.¹

In October, stopping at Genoa on the way to Rome, Charles encountered his Hanoverian cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, then resident there with his bride, Lady Waldegrave, for whose unroyal sake he was in disgrace with his brother, George III. Several versions were given of the incident. Sir Horace Mann says the Princes met "full butt" in the streets of Genoa, and bowed most graciously to each other. Certain English papers asserted that Charles had refused to allow the Duke of Gloucester's carriage to pass him. Andrew Lumisden declares this to be all false: that they met three times in the narrow streets, and that each time the Duke "voluntarily ordered his carriage by, and with the glasses down, very respectfully saluted His Majesty."²

Sir Horace Mann reports that Charles misbehaved himself sadly on his return to Rome, and was drunk every day. This may be confirmed by Cardinal Marefoschi's warning to Caryll that the Prince must not disgust the Pope and the Cardinal of York. He demanded there also to be recognized as King like his father; posing as a sufferer for conscience' sake, though all Rome knew that he had, in 1750, formally renounced his religion, and was now practically of no religion at all.

The Salm marriage fell through, as did others. There remained the two fatherless, penniless Princesses of Stolberg-Gueldern, pensioners of the Emprèss Maria Theresa. Louise, the elder, was nineteen, and had been provisionally provided for as a canoness in a chapter of Noble Ladies at Mons. She was extremely pretty, in a small, piquante, soulless way; with dark blue eyes, very fair hair, and a dazzling complexion, which she supposed herself to improve by plastering with rouge.³ Alfieri said she was intellectual, fond of literature and the arts. She probably discovered or developed these tastes under his tutelage. She was certainly clever, and her letters are remarkably well and gracefully written. Charles wrote to the Marquis de Fitzjames that he selected her in preference to her sister as being of more suitable age and healthier. Her sister Caroline presently married another Fitzjames, the Marquis of Jamaica, a son of the Duke of Berwick and Liria.

¹ Hist. MSS. Comm. Reports, vol. x. Braye MSS.

² *Life of Sir Robert Strange*, vol. ii. Appendix.

³ There is an excellent portrait of her by Battone in the National Portrait Gallery.

Charles and Louise were married on Good Friday, April 17, 1772. He was devoted to his young wife, forswore sack and lived cleanly. She was called in Rome the Queen of Hearts. The Stolberg family name was Horn, and the hopeful Jacobites toasted her with her husband, "the lad that's been so kind to Louisa Horn." He is described at this time as "a large, lean man of kindly disposition; talkative, delighted to speak English and to talk of his Highland adventures, and of perfectly sober habits." Sir Horace Mann says that before the end of 1773 he had relapsed and drank harder than ever. This was not true.

In 1773, Miss Walkinshaw turned up in Rome, probably hoping to blackmail Charles, certainly to dun the Cardinal of York and the Pope; like a sturdy beggar, refusing to leave the place till she was served. Her daughter accompanied her. In Lord Braye's MSS.¹ there are two drafts of a letter from the Cardinal Secretary of State to Mgr. Lascaris, Patriarch of Jerusalem, and treasurer to the Cardinal of York, to whom the ladies had appealed, dated June 20.

He writes: "If Madame Clementine Walkinshaw refuses to leave Rome, he must convince her of the uselessness of her resistance and of the worse position she will consequently be in." On June 24 he writes again to urge the greater opportunities for molestation the ladies would have in Rome, and refers to the wish of Charlotte Stuart for removal from the convent at Meaux to one in Paris, and to the indifference of His Royal Highness and Eminence as to the unfortunate young lady's place of retirement, provided she remain always in a nunnery.

Charlotte writes in French to Lascaris to thank him for all the trouble he has taken "to soften a little her unhappy lot," and hopes that his Eminence will not refuse her demand to change her convent from Meaux to Paris. They were about to leave for Lyons *via* Genoa, Antibes, Aix, and Avignon. She sends on behalf of her mother *mille homage*. There is another letter in the same hand, but headed "Madame la Comtesse d'Alberstroff," requesting Lascaris to send her letters under cover to the Marquise d'Alberi in the Faubourg de St. Germain.

Charles, unable to get his kingship recognized, withdrew in gloomy wrath to Florence, and then all the seven devils of drink rushed back to take possession of him again. As the Grand Duke of Tuscany also refused to receive the royal couple

¹ Hist. MSS. Comm. Reports, vol. x, 2, p. 234.

as King and Queen, Charles refused to enter society on a lower footing, and his wife was thrown entirely upon him for companionship. It is quite beyond dispute that she had a very bad time of it. He would never allow her to be out of his sight, which is brought against him as an instance of brutal tyranny and insane jealousy. Yet even a tipsy man may be fond of his wife. He was old, ailing, and very lonely. That he had reason enough for jealousy, in her character and in Florentine fashions, was presently proved.

She tried to find interest in severe study—choosing mathematics, until, in 1777, there came to Florence a red-haired Piedmontese poet, Vittorio Alfieri, as yet unknown to fame. Then she had diversion indeed, until the end of 1780, when, assisted by her lover, she escaped from her watchful husband, took refuge in a convent, and then fled to Rome and the sympathetic protection of the Cardinal Duke of York.

Her story, which Henry accepted in perfect good faith, was that her husband's constant conduct was loathsome beyond all toleration; had culminated in such outrageous violence upon St. Andrew's night, when he had been keeping the feast with extra potations according to his custom, that she went in fear for her life; that he had insulted her innocence with coarse and groundless accusations; was wont even to barricade her bedroom door so that no one could enter it save by passing through his. Guiltless in fact she certainly was, for proven want of opportunity. Charles was not fuddled beyond taking care of his honour, and understood his wife and her poet better than his brother did. Her subsequent conduct strongly supported her husband's defence that Alfieri, writer of plays, had found in her and her "querulous, unreasonable, and constantly intoxicated old husband" a subject made to his hand, but which wanted working up to a dramatic climax.

Alfieri, indeed, was not to be trusted with women. His Queen was his fourth flame; for the sake of a former love he had been wounded in a duel by her husband, Lord Ligonier. He could not even trust himself. Once he had himself tied into a chair by his servant, to restrain him from the pursuit of beauty to the detriment of literature.

The Cardinal established Louise in the Roman convent of St. Cecilia; afterwards in his own palace of the Cancelleria, he himself being resident at Frascati. The earliest letter in the present collection is from Louise to her brother-in-law, dated

April 16, 1781. She invariably writes in French, in a clear, graceful hand.¹

She has been afraid to write lest she should distract her dearest brother in his holy occupations of Passiontide and Easter. How are his little ailments? She had been ill for two or three days; had overdone herself, going to St. Paul's for the long Good Friday services, and next day to St. Peter's to see the Easter illumination, from which she returned so tired that she went to bed at one a.m.; which seems to be an early hour for her. She complains of her stomach and her nerves; maladies ascribed by her doctor, Saliceti, to the troubles of these last four months. She is sometimes so weak, she can do nothing. It is certain that if the Cardinal's kindness could cure her, she would be well already, but it serves to keep her mind healthy, which is a great point, and she is most fortunate in having found such a brother.

On April 27 she gives him a further account of her sufferings from nerves and the *scirocco*:

If you saw me just now you would think me ill-tempered, but I am only prostrate, and I have such a weak head I can hardly speak. I hope you are quite persuaded that I am very well satisfied. It is impossible not to be so when one has a brother like you. So I beg of you never to believe that I am in a bad temper. Adieu.

And she signs herself as always,

Your most affectionate sister,

LOUISE.

One cannot but guess that the Cardinal may have had reason to suppose his dearest sister's incessant complaints of her health and the weather to be half temper.

In May she has begun to want the splendid diamonds which the Cardinal had kept for his share of his mother's jewels when he and Charles divided them. She assures him—a simple man, but beginning to understand her better—that she wants to wear them only that she may show the public how fully she enjoys his confidence. She is pretty well. She is following a prescribed regimen, taking few remedies, living very quietly, and going to bed as soon as she feels a little ill, which is all she needs to calm her nerves, and to be well next day.

Alfieri, who for the look of the thing had been hanging about in various Italian towns, turned up in Rome in May.

¹ Additional MSS. British Museum, 34,634.

He dined with her, previously to paying his respects to the Cardinal at Frascati on the following day. She sent by the poet a little propitiatory gift, one of the finest copies of Virgil she had ever seen, having noticed the want of a good Virgil in the handsome library at Frascati.

Alfieri seems to have recalled her to her pose as an intellectual person, fond of literature, for apparently at the same time the Cardinal was requested to get her books sent from Florence. He wrote to Charles on May 23rd, and we have the King's answer, on the 29th.

Dear Brother,—It was not possible for me to have answered by Laste poste yr. obliging letter of ye 23rd curent, ye time was to Chorte; I flatter myself you are fully persuaded, not onely of my affectieon for you, by yr tender epressions, but also of my particular esteem for yr taking so much at hart that my wife should come to herself, which cañot be untill God almithy makes her do her Duty oposit to him and to her Man, in Consequence; I sende here enclosed an exact Inventory of ye Books you desier, hoping you will esxamin them all; they are maide by Abbé Sipolita, Language Master, and of Mathemastiques to ye Queen, being a very honest Man, Chamellen to ye grande Duke.

Your moste Loving Brother,

CHARLES R.

Florence, ye 29th May, 1781. To my Dear Brother, The Cardinal Duke at Rome.

It cannot be denied that there is no ill-temper nor resentment here; yet Charles felt himself justly aggrieved that his brother should have given sympathy and protection to his runaway wife. But the books did not immediately follow the inventory. Louise complained to Spada, of the royal household at Florence, a very faithful servant whose brother, Count Spada, had been one of the witnesses of her marriage. She writes to the Cardinal, June 12th:

I had the pleasure of writing to you yesterday. Forgive me for importuning you again to-day, but I have just received a letter from Spada, who tells me the King will not send me the books, because you have not asked for them again after having seen the Catalogue, and he forgets that you have asked for them ten times already. He is certainly a most extraordinary man, that very dear husband of mine. I do not know what affection he can have for the books.

The Cardinal was troubled with his servants just then, and probably had forgotten, after all, to write again to Florence, but he did so now, very peremptorily, and sent a copy of his letter

to Louise, who writes to him June 15th. She politely sympathizes with his domestic worries, of which she makes little; many people are merely giddy, not malicious, and he had better look it over and not worry too much. She thinks the letter capital which he has written to the King. "Forgive me the expression," she goes on; "it is full of malice. I expect he will be at the end of his Latin. I have nothing fresh by this courier, nor any letter from Florence, for I haven't replied to Spada lest I should say impertinences. It is more for my own dignity to say nothing. Silence is often more eloquent than the finest words." She inquires after his health; was afraid he might have caught cold in a procession,¹ for it was windy. Her own health varies.

Spada wrote to Cantini, Charles's treasurer in Rome, and also to Louise, to say that as soon as the King received his brother's letter, he decided to send the books. An undated letter from Charles to Henry fits in here by the dates it mentions. The corners are torn off. He had scarce time to catch the departing post, having just received his brother's of the 12th—

which struc me to su . . . egrie [syllables missing²] that I can scarce holde ye pen in my hande, not conceiving how you can have mistaken ye sence of my letter, hoping that my Laste of ye 15th tho wrote also in a hurry, having forgot to mention that I had already begun ye Catalogue of ye Books, maide by Abbé Sipolu, except 10 (or) 2 out of ye armoire in ye Closet, and five or six taken from ye Librery, that neither he, Spada, nor I, new ye Naims of, or titels: them were sent by Spada to ye Convent Shee went to here, named ye Conventino; Both of ye Books, with ye prints, shall be sent to you, as soon as you are pleased to call for them, for it is not possible for me to have to Say with my wife in any shepe, untill Shee repents: I am so fatigued in writing this, you cañot Imagin, my head being so much Bothered. Your moste Loving Brother,

CHARLES R.

The spelling is after the mode of his youth, but Charles was also losing his English with his health. The handwriting, blurred and schoolboyish, slightly more erratic than of yore, is not *drunk*. Mann testifies to the sobriety he was now exercising. But he was very weak and ill, and losing the use of his hands as well as of his legs.

A. SHIELD.

¹ Corpus Christi would have fallen at that time.

² "To such a degree."

By the Grey Sea.

CHAPTER III.

Dear is the hallowed morn to me
When village bells awake the day.

Allan Cunningham.

It was Sunday morning at Littleton-on-Sea, and the bells were sounding from the square tower of the old parish church. Up in the blue sky was scarce a cloud to be seen, while the ocean danced in the sunlight, and the waves broke in little ripples on the shore, as though they, too, would join that morn in praising the great Creator.

Benedicite, fontes, Domino :
Benedicite, maria et flumina, Domino.

So the waves seemed to whisper, Duncan Rodney thought, as he wended his way to perform his duty, and the bells pealed from the grey, flint tower, while above their music came a faint tinkle from the little cupola of the tiny Catholic chapel on the Green.

The parish church at Littleton is not handsome, indeed Laura thought it hideous beyond description, with its heavy galleries and high pews, but she had not much time to reflect, for almost as she entered, her husband appeared, and the service began. She hardly dared to glance at him, but she understood he knew the eyes of the congregation were upon him critically. She was glad when every one knelt down, and she could pray God to bless her husband's new work. Was her prayer answered? Yes, I think so—not exactly in the way she had expected—quite the reverse in fact, and not quickly, but slowly, as is often the way of the Most High, but still, answered for all that.

And by-and-bye the prayers were finished, and Mr. Rodney was in the pulpit. He wore a surplice because he had heard that the Ritualist party were most anxious that he should do

so, and because the fact that he would for ever offend the Low Church folk if he complied with this desire, had not been sufficiently impressed upon him.

To Duncan it was a matter of indifference whether he wore a surplice or a black gown. He was, as we have seen, an ardent disciple of Dr. Price, before mentioned. At College he had known what it was to be dragged this way and that, and at one time he had been frightened at the diversity of views, but that was before the comprehensiveness of the Church of England had been preached to him. His creed, if I were asked to define it, was, briefly, that nothing really mattered very much so long as one had some sort of a *vague* faith in Christ. He had not gone deeply into the matter, but it seemed to him a fine thing to belong to a body that had so wide an area that men of almost any views might be contained therein. There was a certain pleasure, too, in feeling that he was, in a way, lifted up above the theological disputes of High and Low, and this phase of vanity, I have noticed, is very common among men of the Broad school. And as time went on, and he came to realize more and more fully the strife that exists within the bosom of the Establishment, he grew eager to spread the doctrine of his adoption, that within the Church of England there is room for all parties. It was this scheme of "comprehensiveness" that he set before his people on that first Sunday morning at Littleton-on-Sea, and which he believed would, if his congregation could but accept it, sweep away all bitterness. Poor Duncan Rodney! He stood there in the high pulpit, with the sunlight falling on his white robe, his face bright with hope and enthusiasm. Laura, looking at him, took courage, and glanced at the people round her. Certainly most of them seemed listening, but she could not say that they looked satisfied. The only person who seemed pleased was Miss St. Barbe, who, sitting sideways to Laura, was leaning back, gazing up at the preacher with a smile of approval. The young wife's heart gave a little throb—at least there was *one* who appreciated Duncan, and then she almost laughed, for there, *à la* Empress Eugénie, was the bonnet perched at the very back of Miss St. Barbe's head! And then the smile passed from Laura's lips. Her husband had finished preaching, and was speaking to the people, asking them in a few simple words to aid him in his work, and not to judge him too harshly if there were some whose wishes on ritual he could not quite

meet. Laura thought the speech not so kindly received as it might have been—indeed, the gentleman in the next seat to hers who had crossed himself an enormous number of times, and who had knelt down when every one else was standing, took up a prayer-book and began to read it in an ostentatious manner. Then the organ played, and by-and-bye they were out in the sunlight. Miss St. Barbe joined the Rodneys at the church gate.

"How do you do? I thank you for your sermon. I like your 'room for all' idea. *How* is this child? Why didn't she come and sit beside me? As it was, she was frightened out of her wits. *I* saw that. *Don't* be frightened, child. She wouldn't have been weak enough to be frightened if you had given her the iron, as I told you."

"But I am giving it to her," said Mr. Rodney, laughing. "I began the very afternoon you called."

"Then that only shows how much she needed it, that it hasn't done her the good it ought by now."

Miss St. Barbe was never wrong, or rather she never allowed that she was. I never knew any member of her family who ever did, and I have known most of them for many years.

It may be well that I should take here an opportunity of saying a few words about Miss Ellen St. Barbe. She was the second daughter of the late Sir Charles St. Barbe, of New Park, in Wilts. At the time she is introduced to my reader she was a woman of about five-and-forty, very handsome still, and with a remarkably fine figure. She had an income of £500 a year, lived most of her time at Littleton, except Christmas, which she always spent with her married sister, Mrs. Duncombe, and was always called "Miss Ellen" or "Aunt Ellen" by every member of her family.

The lady in question, together with Mr. Rodney and his wife, walked up and down South Terrace for a long time before they could make up their minds to go in. The day was fine, and warm as any summer one, and it was very pleasant out there. Laura, in her simple morning dress and Sunday bonnet, got quite a colour in her cheeks, and looked even prettier than usual, Miss St. Barbe thought, as her glance rested now and again on the sweet face with the grey eyes.

"Who is that?" Laura asked, as a girl, very flashily dressed, and having a great quantity of fair, untidy hair, went by, and bowed simperingly.

"Young Miss Gubbins, sister of the idiot who sat in the pew next to yours, and who is not content with bowing reverently, but loves to make himself conspicuous by standing on his head every time they sing the doxology. I do not think you will like them. The girl is bad style—runs after those unfortunate young officers up at the Dépôt House, and has not *one* atom of sense in her whole body. Neither has the brother, for that matter. I told their mother long ago, when first they came here, that they would grow up *idiots*, and they have done so. There is Louise holding up the bowl to show me I have not mixed the salad. Louise has her dinner after my luncheon, on what I leave, and as she is never happy unless she is eating, I had better go in and get my food."

Then Miss St. Barbe stalked into the house, and the Rector and his wife wended their way home to the little house with the yellow verandah.

The next few days at Littleton were taken up by receiving a succession of visitors. Poor Laura declared the place quite a second Paris after quiet Beston, and often regretted the many kind friends she had left behind her in the village. Folk there seemed more cordial than at Littleton. Those concerned are the last to hear what is said of them, and neither Laura nor the Rector knew that already he had been described by some as an atheist, and by others as a deist. Poor Duncan! He tried hard to offend no one, but he was too honest to express approval when he did not feel it; and to those among his congregation who had an idea of a *Church*, some of his views were little short of shocking. If the inhabitants of Littleton could have looked into their Rector's heart, they would have been perhaps surprised to find how full it was of gentleness and of desire to do each one good. But they did not stop to think of the possibility of this. They were shocked. That which hitherto they had thought of vital importance, Duncan told them mattered little. It seems to me, thinking of it all now, for I am not telling you *quite* a fancy tale, that Duncan Rodney and the school to which he belongs have only been able to realize a phase of Christ's teaching. To them, His charity is so great, that it matters not whether one accept or reject this or that in His teaching. Devotion to the charity of our Divine Lord is certainly beautiful, but on reflection it cannot be denied that it is greatly abused by the Broad Church party. Only the other day a clergyman of this school in the Establishment wrote a book in which

he certainly *implied* that the Divinity of the Redeemer might be doubted with impunity, so long as a man sought to follow Christ's example in His gentleness with all who suffer. And so, I say, that Duncan shocked many of his congregation, not by any actual utterance of his own views, but by expressing his admiration for some whose ideas were far from orthodox. Indeed, I do not think that after he had once accepted Orders in the Establishment he ever uttered a word which was not in accord with the Thirty-nine Articles; in truth, he was very strong upon a clergyman keeping close to them, though he seemed more indifferent about laymen doing so.

"I have promised to preach them," he said once. "They may be wrong, but so long as I believe in them, I will teach them. If any man convinces me they contain what is false, then I will at once resign my living." Mr. Rodney was an honest man.

"Oh! I *wish* you would alter things," Miss Gubbins said, casting up her eyes in despair the day she came to call with her brother on the new Rector and his wife. Miss Gubbins was talking to Mr. Rodney, while her brother was explaining to poor bewildered Laura that something her husband had done on Sunday was quite incorrect. "Not even the Sarum rite allows it," he said, shaking his head slowly and sadly. "Not even the Sarum rite!" Mrs. Rodney did not know what "Sarum rite" meant, and turned away from the long-haired pasty-looking youth to her husband, just as Miss Gubbins once more exclaimed, "Oh, I *wish* you would alter things!"

"It is not well to be impulsive," Mr. Rodney answered, with his slow, grave smile. He did not quite know what to make of the simpering young lady, with her showy but rather soiled finery, her blue hat with pink roses, and the cheeks which had such a remarkably suspicious colour on them. He glanced at the pale face of his beautiful young wife, and contrasted the pair. Good heavens! what would life be with such a one as his visitor!

"Impulsive!" echoed Miss Gubbins. "I'm the most impulsive creature in the world! I always go straight at things. When you know me better you'll say so. I wish, oh! I *do* wish you would pull down those dreadful, dreadful, galleries, have a crucifix, candles, and everything just like dear St. Agatha's, Holborn—and processions *of course*—processions with 'Angels of Jesus,' and plenty of incense. It makes one feel so good, you know."

"But I do not want any of my parishioners to *feel* good," Mr. Rodney answered, gravely. "Possibly I may be able to oblige you some day so far as the galleries are concerned, but the other things are quite out of my line—quite. Tell me, have you lived long in Littleton, Miss Gubbins?" but the young lady was not to be put off.

"Five years. Before that we were at Brighton, but it didn't suit mama. Oh! we were so sorry to come away and leave dear St. Dunstan's and the other churches. If we had been older, I often tell mama, we shouldn't have done it."

Mr. Rodney lifted his eyebrows in surprise, but he did not suggest that the value of a mother's life might seem more important to most people than a mere question of elaborate ritual. He began to ask questions about the bathing, &c., but it was no good. Often as he tried, nothing would take young Miss Gubbins away from church matters, while in the pauses he could hear the brother continuing the same subject, combining it with an attempt at flirtation which thoroughly disgusted Laura. He was an ardent admirer of the fair sex, though I cannot say he was a favourite with them. Even the Ritualistic young ladies who hung upon his words in regard to church matters, avoided him when it came to love-making. Already he disliked the Rector because he detested the school of thought to which Duncan belonged, but the slender, graceful figure and lustrous eyes of Laura proved too much for the young gentleman, and he did his utmost to try and get on confidential terms with Mrs. Rodney, by telling her all about himself, and his weak health.

"I was ill yesterday—very, very ill," he said, clasping his hands affectedly; "but I am better to-day, and I hope Dr. Norman's new medicine will do me good quickly. I am so desirous of being well next week."

"Is anything special going to happen?" Laura asked with a smile.

"It is St. Michael's day, the 29th, you know. I am going to St. Michael's Home at Wotton. Only think, Father White from St. Agatha's is to sing the High Celebration, and we *are* to have incense! I was so afraid we shouldn't, but they have made up their minds not to care *what* the Bishop says, and to have it. I *am* so glad. And Brother Gregory is coming to preach the sermon. I carry the crucifix at the head of the procession—we are to go twice round the waste ground at

the back of the Home, to make it more imposing—and I'm to wear my scarlet cassock, and a *lace* cotta. Some day you must see me in them. I'm counting the hours to it all. Everything, I hear, this year is to be *quite* correct. I wish you would come over for it. I shall be so pleased to take you. I am sure I should bring you back a convert."

Laura shook her head. "It is not at all in my line," she said, quietly.

"Oh, but you don't know what the effect might be! The banners alone are enough to bring you round! And then the lustrous grey eyes proved too much for Mr. Gubbins, and he once more attempted a mild flirtation, but Laura answered so coldly, and showed her dislike so plainly, that the young man made a sign to his sister to rise. As he gave his hand to Laura, she caught a look which told her she had already made a bitter enemy for herself at Littleton.

"Thank goodness!" the Rector exclaimed, as he heard the hall door close. "What insufferable people! And the girl was covered with some horrid scent—patchouli, I think they call it. Phew!" and Mr. Rodney threw the windows leading on to the verandah as wide open as he could. The sweet pure air from the ocean came softly in and began to expel the sickly essence. "I don't know which was the worse of the two."

"Oh, I thought *he* was!" Laura exclaimed. "And do you know," looking very frightened, "he has *fits*! He told me so himself."

"I am glad he did not have one here, then, for it would have delayed their going," Mr. Rodney said. "That is all I can say."

"Did not like them! Pray why in the *world* did you let them in?" exclaimed Miss St. Barbe, the same afternoon. "You don't suppose for a *single* moment that any member of that family would ever have the *impertinence* to presume to come and see me? Don't allow them inside again. And now, put on your hat, child, and come out in the pony-carriage with me. I have brought it to the door for you. I'm going to drive to the Junction, because 'the boys' are going through on their way to Eton. When I say 'the boys,' of course I mean my nephews, Jack and Frederick Duncombe. Frederick is his mother's favourite, Jack is mine. Frederick never did anything wrong in his life, and never will, Jack couldn't keep out of a scrape for half an hour. Pray why in the *world*, Mr. Rodney,

do you allow your wife to wear a veil? No woman should ever wear one. I want this child to get all the air she can. *That* thing keeps it away from her."

Then Miss St. Barbe entered the little carriage, and Laura followed and took her place beside her. Another moment, and they had driven off, and Mr. Rodney turned, after watching them out of sight, and began to wander away to the sands, and to think over next Sunday's sermon. He was glad Laura should have the drive, but still he felt lonely without her. Never mind, he would enjoy her presence all the more for this little abstinence.

Time went on. Gradually Laura and her husband got through the round of visits rendered necessary by callers. September went, then gusty October, and by-and-bye it was grey November, and by that time the Rodneys were quite at home at Littleton—that is, they knew the place and its ways, but they had no very intimate friends among the people save Miss St. Barbe. Two or three times a week that lady came in at five o'clock, and seated herself in one particular arm-chair, and looked round at Mr. Rodney and his wife with her slow smile. With the former she had her differences, but with Laura, none.

"You think so," she would say to Mr. Rodney. "*I* don't. I *know* that I am *right* and I *know* that you are *wrong*, and therefore the discussion is at an end," and Miss St. Barbe would smile and settle herself in her chair.

But with Laura it was different. If they were not in agreement, all Miss St. Barbe ever said was: "That child," pointing at Laura, "thinks so and so. Don't try to alter her opinion. I like her to think it, though I don't agree, because it pleases her to think it. Kindly leave the child alone."

Miss St. Barbe became quite an institution in the house with the yellow verandah.

"I am thinking of founding a sort of reading and lecture room here—a place where the young men can go and have a look at the papers and smoke their pipes on cold winter evenings, and then, about once a month, we might have a lecture upon some interesting subject—a glance at a page of history, say, or some modern scientific discovery. What do you think, Laura?"

Mr. Rodney was standing in front of the fire about six

o'clock one wild November evening, and his young wife was lying back tired with the efforts of the day. The twilight danced on the fair face and thoughtful eyes, but she did not answer at once, and Mr. Rodney went on: "Of course, I should go down one or two evenings in the week, and there ought to be somebody there on the other nights—not exactly to keep order, but just to give a tone to the place. Keston is too old to go out in the winter, and Mr. Peller is, of course, useless." Mr. Keston was the senior churchwarden, a mild, kindly, feeble old man, while Mr. Peller was just the opposite. "Come, Laura, what do you think?" Mr. Rodney asked again.

The rosy lips of the young wife gave a little pout. "Two nights a week," she said in some dismay. "The evenings are the only time I have you to myself, and Fridays are gone already in choir practices."

It must be allowed that Laura had reasonable ground for objecting. To be left to spend three evenings out of seven all alone *is* trying, even though the work which has carried your husband off may be a good one. Many a young married clergyman, full of zeal for his parish, has before now discovered that choir practice, Bands of Hope, &c., lead to little disturbances at home. Some of these stiff cravated young gentlemen, in their long, black coats, do not stop to consider that, though they may say evening work is "a bore," still, there is a certain excitement and change about it, which prevents the time seeming long and dreary as it does to the wife left alone in the solitary Vicarage, or worse still, the uncomfortable sort of lodgings which are generally the lot of a curate's wife. Too often they think the complaints of the solitary one are unreasonable, and get angry thereat. There is much to be said on the part of the wife, and Duncan Rodney was too thoughtful and too just a man not to see there was some excuse for the half-playful, half-petulant pouting of the pretty lips. He knelt down beside Laura, and put his arm round her waist and then was silent, thinking. He was not quite sure which way his duty lay. All day, except for a hurried luncheon, he was absent, working in his parish. It was true, as his wife said, the evenings were the only time she was able to see anything of him, and now he was proposing to leave her three times a week, instead of once! And yet the establishment of this Room seemed to him an important work. It was not an original thought. It had been suggested to his mind because he had inquired about

a certain tidy-looking building, which was always brightly illuminated as he walked down the High Street on his way home to dinner, and on inquiring he had found it was a sort of combination of reading and lecture-room established by the Catholic priest of Littleton, and he had further learnt that the reverend gentleman presided there quite five nights out of six. But then as Duncan remembered, the priest had to sacrifice no one to his duty. At home there was only an aged housekeeper who wanted no better company than "his Reverence's cat" and a good fire. For the first time in his life it *did* flash across Duncan's mind that perhaps after all there was something advantageous in the rule of the Catholic Church that her priests should be single. They could be out all day and night and no one was thereby injured—they could go in and out among small-pox and black typhus without fear of taking home death to some one near and dear. But it must require great faith to make such a sacrifice as that, Duncan thought—to put out of one's reach the thing above all others which to some natures makes life enjoyable, namely the possibility of domestic happiness.

"What are you thinking of child, with that scowl?" Duncan asked his young wife playfully.

"Trying to think of some one who could take your place—of some one who hasn't got a wife, sir. What a pity Miss Ellen is not a man! How capitally she would do it! I can see her looking at the young men with that smile of amused tolerance on her face, as much as to say: 'Of course you are idiots—I know *that*, but I am determined to make allowances for you,'" and Laura gave a little merry peal of laughter, in which her husband joined.

"But seeing that Miss St. Barbe is not a man, who would you propose?" he asked, after a pause. "Mr. White?"

Mrs. Rodney shook her head. "He would do very well, but Mrs. White would never allow it. How *could* he have married her? She is Miss Gubbins' great friend, and you know how she would be sure to prevent it. The Gubbins give out that they mean to do their utmost against you because you are not High Church."

"Well, well. What think you of old Mr. Randle?"

"He would do it, but you know Mrs. Randle and her brother would never allow it. Think what they are!"

Mr. Rodney sighed. Yes, he had a fair idea what they were like. He had been to Mrs. Randle once for a subscription for

a poor woman, but though she was very rich, she had not only refused, but her brother, Mr. Barker, who had been present, had more than hinted that he suspected the money was only wanted to promote some atheistical lectures, advertisements of which had appeared in the local papers.

"I think I will send a circular out, and ask people to meet me at the school-room next Saturday afternoon and talk the matter over. If we succeed in starting the thing, some one is sure to turn up to preside. I don't see what is to prevent it. If the Catholics, who are about a fifth in number to ourselves, and have not got our money, can do it, I don't see why we shouldn't succeed. I am told the priest has most excellent lecturers at their rooms sometimes."

Laura was silent for a minute, and then asked: "What is the priest's name? Does he live in the house next to the pretty church on the common?"

"Yes, I believe so. His name is Learmonth."

Laura said nothing more, but sat rather thoughtful for the rest of the evening, and Duncan, glancing up now and again from his magazine, wondered more than once what she was thinking about.

"Yes I think it's a good idea," Miss St. Barbe said when the next morning the scheme was unfolded to her. What money do you want to begin? About £60. And I suppose it will cost more than that yearly to keep it going? I don't believe you will be able to make it free. The Catholic one is. Oh! that's because Lady Littleton invested a sum especially for it. I'll give you £5 to start, and £5 a year afterwards. *Don't* thank me. I only do it because the Gubbins will hate the thing. The meeting on Saturday will be rather amusing. Don't let that child go."

"Oh, but I must," Laura exclaimed, eagerly, a little frightened look coming into the sweet eyes. "I must be with him—I must."

Miss St. Barbe did not answer for a minute. Then she threw back her head. "If the child wants to go, I suppose she must. I will sit next her. Is that the draft circular? Good. I will leave it at the printer's. Kindly do what I say. I am going into the town, and must therefore pass the stationer's. We are going to the fishmonger's. Louise says the fishmonger declares

he has no cod. I say that he *has* cod. I am going to tell him that if he doesn't send me cod, I leave him for ever."

"What a character!" Mr. Rodney said, as he watched Miss St. Barbe and Louise make their way down South Terrace on their way into the town. "Yes, but we could do with a few more such in the place."

Laura nodded.

The next day the circulars were out announcing the meeting, and on Friday there was a letter in the *Littleton Observer* saying that the reading-room was an attempt to disseminate atheism by means of infidel lecturers who would come from London, and hinting everything that was unkind respecting the Rector. The letter was signed "M.R." so it must be allowed, whatever her faults, old Mrs. Randle did not lack courage.

Laura found the paper on her husband's study table, and was discovered by Duncan and Miss St. Barbe shortly afterwards trying to blink away the tears. Certainly there were some cruel things said, and the young wife felt them deeply. The Rector made Miss St. Barbe stay and dine, so as to cheer up Laura, which that lady certainly did, putting on one of her most amusing moods for the purpose. She stayed for prayers that night, and once the Rector's glance fell on her face. She was praying with all her heart and soul, he could see, and he felt that he understood more about his guest that night than he had ever done before.

"Good night," she said. "Make that child go to bed. God bless you both." Then Miss St. Barbe kissed Laura, and went out into the wild November night.

The moon was shining brightly and the scud was flying fast, and in the distance came the roaring of the waves and the sound of the shingle among the surf. Miss St. Barbe glanced up at the heavens, and thought—thought as she had often done before—how she wished she might know more about it all. Then she looked back at the house she had just left. There was a light already in Laura's room.

"God keep them safe together and happy," she murmured. Then a pang of memory woke in her mind, and a spasm of pain crossed her face. Bah! she was an old woman now, and that was long ago—long ago! "God keep them safe and happy together," she said again, and went in to her own quiet rooms.

CHAPTER IV.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
 Their old familiar carols play
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

And in despair I bowed my head
 There is no peace on earth, I said.
 For hate is strong,
 And mocks the song
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

Longfellow.

IT was Saturday morning, the day of the meeting, and the weather was mild and pleasant, more like early spring than November, Laura thought, as about eleven o'clock she came out of her house and made her way along the South Terrace. She looked so sweet and fragile in her pretty costume of dark blue serge, that even old Mrs. Randle, sitting in her accustomed place, with her large Bible open before her, found it difficult to look at her as sourly as she could wish. But she shook her head as she turned her eyes from this piece of lost worldliness back to the study of the great Book, over which she spent hours every day. Don't start, reader, at the inconsistency of her life. We are nearly all of us inconsistent in *some* way—you and I just like the rest. "In this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, in that ye have love one for the other." What did Mrs. Randle make of that text, you say, when she was always saying bitter things against those from whom she differed? I don't know, I am sure. Got over it in the same satisfactory way that you and I get over texts which condemn *us*, reader, quite as much as the above dictum condemned poor old Mrs. Randle.

Laura, quite unaware of the last-named lady's sigh of sorrow at her worldliness in wearing a frock which fitted, passed down the terrace and out on to the Common. To the right lay the town and the parish church, while in front was the tiny stone chapel belonging to the Catholics, with the priest's house attached, and in the distance for a background rose the masts of ships, for Littleton is a port, and in old days used even to have a packet-service with France. In the garden of the priest's house was a flagstaff, with a flag flying, and Laura,

glancing up, was surprised to recognize the royal standard. It was the Prince of Wales' birthday, and here and there in the town and on the river, bunting was flying, but she did not expect to see it in the garden of a Catholic priest. Somehow, she had always looked upon Catholics as *foreigners*.

It was with rather a beating heart that Mrs. Rodney walked up to the little gate that led into Father Learmonth's grounds and pulled the bell. She wanted to get in without any one seeing her. Laura was rather frightened at what she was doing, but then she was doing it for Duncan's sake. She had never, so far as she knew, spoken to a priest in her life, and she was certainly alarmed at the idea. Suppose he should refuse to answer any questions concerning his reading-room because she was a Protestant—suppose he should denounce her religion and—

"Yes, ma'am?"

A grey-headed old woman with a black frock, a snow-white cap, and a pair of horn spectacles, was holding the door open—a most respectable-looking old dame.

"Is—is Father Learmonth——?" Laura asked, hesitatingly.

"Is he at home, ma'am? Yes. Will you please to step inside, ma'am? If you will take a seat, ma'am, he will be with you in a moment."

Laura found herself in a neat little dining-room. The furniture was oak, the walls were papered with plain grey paper, adorned here and there with photographs of Italian churches, and there was a fire burning in the grate, which made things cheerful.

Mrs. Rodney had hardly time to take in these details before the door opened and the priest himself entered. He was rather short of stature, with straight, dark hair combed round over his ears, rather after the manner of an old-fashioned Dissenting minister, and he had a quaint way of speaking every now and then with closed eyes, though it was easy to see that there was nothing of affectation in the habit. Laura rose, bowed rather nervously, and said, "I hope you will forgive my calling. I stupidly forgot to tell my name to your servant. I am Mrs. Rodney. My husband is the clergyman here."

A light broke over the priest's face. "I know," he said, with a smile, and holding out his hand. "I have met him. I was talking to him only a few days ago about a Rating Committee, of which we are both members."

"Oh! I didn't know that he knew you," Laura answered, "but he mentioned your name last night, and I thought you might be able to give me some information. You have a reading-room here. My husband is most anxious to establish one for the young men of his congregation. He says if there is nowhere for them to go and smoke of a winter's evening, that they are sure to betake themselves to the public-house, and get into all sorts of scrapes."

"Sure to," Father Learmonth answered.

"I thought perhaps—that perhaps you would tell me how you began yours—if it is very difficult to start and all that?"

"Certainly. Do sit down, Mrs. Rodney. So! Well, now about this reading-room. Your husband wants to have one? Yes, I see. Well, the way I began was this—I simply took a room, provided it with newspapers, and allowed the young men to smoke there."

"Was it free?" Laura asked.

"Oh, yes. God has blessed me with private means far above what I require, and I should have been quite willing to go on keeping it up at my own expense, only old Lady Littleton wished for something a little more elaborate, and undertook to do it all. The whole house is ours now, and the smoking-room is separate, and we have even a billiard-table. I gave them that, because, as I told them, I couldn't see why the devil should keep *all* the billiard-tables to himself. So now they have no excuse for going off to the King's Head."

"My husband did think of charging a small fee," Laura began, but Father Learmonth cut her short.

"Bound to fail. They won't keep it up. Mr. Rodney would find himself saddled with all sorts of debts and difficulties. You ought to be able to do the thing with a rich congregation like yours."

"Oh! but they are so divided," Laura answered. "What does your house consist of—the Catholic Institute, you call it, don't you? I thought so."

"The reading-room proper is on the ground floor, which has all the daily papers, and at the back is the library. The books are not allowed to be taken away. Upstairs we have a billiard-room, smoking-room, and a place where you can get tea and coffee from six to ten p.m., and then above are the caretaker's apartments."

"It is a regular club!" Laura exclaimed.

"Quite so, but then it is altogether an exceptional thing. It was the work of her ladyship. She built this church and house and many others. It was *her* way of enjoying what had been entrusted to her—to spend it for the honour and glory of God, and for the salvation of souls."

Mrs. Rodney did not answer. She was a little taken aback. She looked at this man, small of stature, and quaint of manner, and felt that she was having a novel experience. There was none of that vagueness about God which so strongly characterizes that school in the Establishment to which Duncan Rodney belonged, or rather half belonged, for certainly since he had taken Orders he had gone in far more closely for adhering to the Thirty-nine Articles. To Father Learmonth, God was no vague "outside force," no unknown quantity, but in very truth a *personal* God, the God of old, who led His people through the wilderness of danger, and gave forth His ever-binding statutes amidst the thunders and thick darkness of Mount Sinai.

"She had no other way of enjoying herself," Father Learmonth said, after a minute, thinking that Mrs. Rodney's silence was caused by surprise that the lady in question had no care for the splendours of the world, which might so easily have been hers. "No other way. That is her portrait up there."

Laura glanced at a picture on the wall representing a little old lady in a black frock, with grey curls, and a kind, gentle face. No, certainly she did not look much like a great personage. There was something very simple and unpretending about it. Yet for all that it was the portrait of a marchioness, of one who had held the highest office a woman subject can hold in the realm.

"I was not thinking it odd," Laura answered, with a little smile. "I can quite fancy one would get tired very quickly of splendour and that kind of thing. It was not that. I was thinking——" She stopped abruptly.

"Thinking what?" Father Learmonth answered, with a smile.

Laura blushed. "Thinking," she said, "that you speak as if it was—I do not quite know how to explain it—as if it was all so close—as if God was——" Again she stopped.

"Yes?"

"As if God was not such a great way off, after all."

"Dear lady, He is *not* a great way off. God is everywhere—Omnipresent, the Church teaches. And then again to us

Catholics He is actually with us in our churches—living on our altars, abiding with us always, according to His promise, and His promises *never* fail! But we are wandering away from what you came to consult me about. I am sure I do not know how we came to talk of anything else. The only possible way will be for your husband to get members of his congregation to promise an annual subscription. If he trusts to anything else, he will be in debt within a year. You tell him that from me.”

“He will be so surprised,” Laura said, laughing. “He does not know in the least that I have come to see you, only I thought you might help me with advice.”

“Advice is cheap,” Father Learmonth answered, laughing. “We keep a large stock on the premises, I do assure you. The supply is always equal to the demand.”

Laura laughed, too. There was something very pleasant in Father Learmonth’s laugh. It was quite infectious. Presently he went on, “It is quite a secular thing, is it not, this reading-room? Exactly so. Well, I may be able to do more than give advice. If he elects to have books, I can give him a few duplicates I have of *Pickwick*, *Vanity Fair*, and other standard works—only a few, but still every little helps, eh?”

“Indeed it does,” Laura answered.

“Well, but if it is, Mrs. Rodney, only a secular thing, how is it that there should be any difficulty about getting subscriptions from your husband’s congregation? There are no politics attached, I presume?”

“Oh, no! Only, you see, the people are so divided. The High Church will go against it, if the Low Church folk take it up, and, *vice versa*, and there is so much bitterness. It is such a pity. My husband is always explaining to them in his sermons, that *that* is the great mark about our Church—that it is so comprehensive that there is room for all. You know with you it is different—you must all believe alike. I beg your pardon, perhaps I ought not to have said that.”

“Nay, there is nothing to apologize for, I assure you. It is perfectly true, I am glad to say. I do not know what would become of me if I had to address sermons to a congregation made up of persons who each thought differently on the doctrines of the Church—give up preaching, I think. The task would be beyond me. But here we are wandering away again from our point—the reading-rooms. I’m sure how we came to stray again, I don’t know.”

"It was my fault," Mrs. Rodney said, smiling. "I like to hear all about it, so you need not be sorry," she stopped, expecting Father Learmonth to go on. Laura was a little surprised that he had already turned the conversation away from controversy once already. She had always thought that Catholic priests, the instant they were in the society of persons of another religion, tried to convert them. She would like to have drawn him out, and though she did not expect to be able to dispose of all his arguments, she had no doubt her husband could. "I like to hear about it."

"Do you," Father Learmonth replied. "Oh, well, you get your husband's leave to come and hear me preach some day, and then you shall. I really don't think there is anything else I can tell you about the Institute. Don't forget to mention to your husband what I said about the books. I shall be only too pleased to let him have them."

"Thank you, you are very kind," Laura answered; "I am afraid we shall have great difficulties. You see, we have no good Lady Littleton to help us. Good-bye. What a charming house you have, and such a nice piece of ground round it. Do you always keep a flag on your flagstaff there? I was so surprised to see the Royal Standard."

"Why? It is the Prince's birthday. It always goes up on royal birthdays. At other times I have the 'Jack,' except on the Holy Father's *fête*, when the Papal Arms go up."

"You are quite English, then?"

"English! Good gracious, yes—English to the back-bone, and a Conservative too! Good-bye. How fresh the sea is, isn't it?"

Laura went away after that, over the common and along South Terrace, and scarcely noticed anything, thinking over her visit to the Catholic priest.

"He seemed so nice, just like one of us—not a bit one's idea of a Jesuit," she said, when at luncheon she related her experiences to her husband.

"Oh, he's a capital fellow," Mr. Rodney answered. "We are on the Rating Committee together. Fancy you going off like that, puss! I'll certainly ask him for the books, if there's a chance of starting the reading-room. Listen! There's Miss Ellen, I know. Come in, come in. Laura won't be two minutes getting her bonnet on. Run up, child. Where do you think she has been, Miss St. Barbe, this morning?—with the priest

here—thought because of the Catholic Institute in the High Street, he might be able to give some hints.”

“And did he?”

“He promised some books, which was better. Their Institute was almost a private gift. He is a very good fellow, Learmonth.”

“All the few priests that I have ever come across have been nice,” Miss St. Barbe replied. “I haven’t the *slightest* objection to a Papist—it is only that dreadful imitation of one, called a Ritualist, that I dislike. If one could only accept it all, I have often thought one could be very happy as a pious Catholic. Here’s the child. Now let us set off. We have only a quarter of an hour to the time of the meeting, and it will take us that to get to the school-room.”

It was past the appointed hour when Mr. Rodney, having at last piloted his party through the throng, reached the platform, and looked round the room. There was a large attendance. Laura was seated near him, and next to her was Miss St. Barbe, full of fight, her head thrown back, and on her face a smile of supreme contempt for mankind in general, and particularly that portion of it living at Littleton. Under cover of the table she gave Laura’s hand an encouraging little squeeze, and then turned towards Mr. Rodney.

In a few simple words the Rector gave a sketch of the plan he had in his mind. He pointed out how large a part of the youth of Littleton were engaged behind the counter all day, and how necessary it was that, when their duties were over, they should seek relaxation. In the summer-time they could go for pleasant walks with their friends, but on a bitter winter’s night this was impossible. Then it was that the public-house allured, with its light and warmth, its beer and whisky, and other drinks—very good things in moderation, and in sickness by no means to be despised, but not much needed by young men who had nothing the matter with them, except fatigue after a long day’s work. Then very often there were billiards. He had not a word to say against billiards. He hoped the day would come when they would have a table in the rooms, but billiards in a public-house meant betting, and a lot of other things. He had heard shocked exclamations when he had ventured to hope that the rooms might one day have a billiard-table. Surely there was nothing more wicked about billiards than about bagatelle! However, the prospect of a table was

so remote, they needn't discuss *that*. The Rector then placed the financial part of the scheme before the meeting, and spoke of a promised subscription from a kind friend, and ventured to hope that other promises might be given that afternoon. Then the Rector resumed his seat, and there were one or two "Hear, hears," but that was all. A dreadful silence followed. Laura looked wildly round. Presently, however, old Captain Pattinson, a kindly ex-naval officer, lately connected with the coastguard of Littleton, seconded the Rector's proposal, and promised a trifle towards starting the rooms and an annual subscription of ten shillings. Then again there was a silence. At last, after a pause which seemed horrible, Mr. Barker arose, and Laura's heart sank within her. Mr. Barker, as before stated, was Mrs. Randle's brother, a slight, bald-headed, ugly bachelor of about sixty, and a man entirely after that good lady's heart.

Mr. Barker said that the late Mr. Barwell had been Rector of Littleton-on-Sea for thirty-five years; before him had been the Rev. Mr. Tucker, who had been Rector seventeen years, and so on; but it appeared that all these men had never done anything at all. Mr. Rodney, who had been with them just four months, had told them repeatedly during that time that such was the case. For his part he thought differently—he begged the Rector would not interrupt like that. Mr. Rodney said these good and worthy men—Christians at heart and not only in name, as were *some* people he could mention—he hoped Mr. Rodney's friends would not make a noise—had done nothing at all. The reason for desiring to found these rooms was that books might be placed in the way of young men to lead them astray—lead them to cast aside the faith of Christians and to follow and admire men who denied the existence of a God. He said that was what the Rector wanted to do. No, he would not give way. Could he deny it? Why, only the Sunday before last he had told them from the pulpit of God's house, that that blessed book—the blessed Word of God—was wrong, and that the world was never made in six days! It *was* made in six days. The Bible said it was. He didn't care for Professor Huxley or Professor Tyndal or Professor anybody else. He would be no party to atheism. He would fight against the opening of such rooms, and neither he nor his friends would ever subscribe one penny to them. Then Mr. Barker resumed his seat amidst cheers from the extreme Evangelical party.

After this the senior churchwarden rose, and said that he thought the proposal good, and would lend his aid to it. He complained of the violence of Mr. Barker's language. Then came Mr. Peller, the junior churchwarden, who denied that Mr. Barker's language was violent, and denounced the scheme as an attempt to draw young men away from their homes and families. Mr. Gubbins came next. His pasty face looked more pasty than ever. He spoke with clasped hands, and said he could countenance nothing proposed by one so far removed from the true spirit of a Catholic priest as Mr. Rodney. (Here there was an uproar, and cries of "Turn him out!" "Papist!" and "Jesuit in disguise!") If the parish church of Littleton-on-Sea had only those accessories to Catholic worship—(here Mr. Gubbins was pulled back into his seat, and the uproar became deafening). Laura turned deadly pale, and kept tight hold of Miss St. Barbe's hand. That lady sat back, still regarding the meeting with a smile of supreme contempt.

At last Mr. Rodney rose. His rising was the signal for an angry storm of hisses, but he stood there, calmly regarding the excited throng and waiting till the noise had subsided. Once he began, but there was an interruption, and he stopped till there was perfect silence. When order was restored, he went on to say that the idea he had had in his mind was a room where the daily papers could be read, and chess and other games played. There was no question of the funds ever being likely to be large enough to enable them to put works of a philosophical character on the walls. His scheme, however, did not meet with the approval of the majority. Personally, if it had been accepted, it would have cost him one or two evenings from home. He certainly had nothing to gain by it. It had fallen through, however, so he need not discuss the matter further. He thanked those who had supported him. That was all. Of his insulters and abusers he said nothing, but stood looking calmly on for a moment, then resumed his seat and began talking to Miss St. Barbe, waiting while the people were filing out. The Randles went by with a triumphant air. Laura kept up bravely, but she had to blink her eyes very fast every time she glanced at her husband.

It was only when they got home, after leaving Miss St. Barbe at her door, that the Rector knew how much he had felt the cruel treatment he had received at the hands of many of his parishioners. He went into his study after tea and thought of

it all. Now and again, as he called to mind Mr. Barker's language, the hot, angry blood mounted to Duncan's face. The Rector was a broad, powerful man, and one who had ever been fond of athletics. He could have made mince-meat of Mr. Barker, and as he stood before his study fire he *did* feel a longing to go and confront his enemy and make him apologize for what he had said. Many men would have done so. It would have been rather in the line of his school—the school of muscular force, but——. Something came into his mind. "Study to be patient in bearing the defects of others, for thou also hast many things which others must bear with." It was a long while since he had read those words, but he remembered being struck with them at the time he had done so. It was at Oxford. Some High Churchman had lent him a copy of the *Imitation* and urged him to read it, and he had done so. "Study to be patient in bearing the defects of others, for thou also," &c. "Forgive as we forgive." Now he came to think about it, there was more of the spirit of the Gospel in this Catholic saint's writing than in the teaching of some of the muscular school. Thomas à Kempis followed closely in the footsteps of the One Ideal—the One who, when He was reviled, reviled not again. Some of those saints to be found in the Catholic calendar were great people. There was wonderful charity in their lives. Charity, the Master had said, should be the mark that men were indeed His disciples. He would speak about that next Sunday. He would write his sermon then and there, but before he began he must get rid of the anger in his heart. He knelt down and repeated the Our Father very slowly, very reverently. As he said the words "Forgive as we forgive," all his anger seemed to vanish. People complain so often that prayers remain unanswered. I think it is frequently our own fault. To say the Lord's Prayer or the Hail Mary, pondering on each word as we do so, is a very different thing from repeating them mechanically. Said *once* carefully, they are better than being repeated carelessly a hundred times.

So Duncan Rodney rose from his knees and sat down at his table and began his sermon. He found he could do his work well. He sat at it till the dinner-bell sounded. Then he rose and washed his face and hands and went into the dining-room.

The Rector did not go back to his study after the meal was over. He went upstairs to the drawing-room and made Laura sing to him, while he lay back in an arm-chair by the fire. Song

after song she sang until her voice was tired, and then she came and sat on the arm of his chair, and rested her head against his shoulder. And then there were little whispers of all she felt when others made him suffer. And was it *really* true her love helped to make up for it to him? Yes, Duncan said, *quite* true. Then the pretty red lips were kissed, and the young wife and husband sat on in silence, watching the fire blaze, and listening to the howling of the wintry wind and "the calling of the sea."

Reviews.

I.—THE TRUE JOAN OF ARC.¹

IF we have not sooner noticed the last instalment of Father Ayroles' truly monumental work on the heroic maid, whose cause is so dear to the hearts of Catholic Frenchmen, our delay has arisen from the conviction that it is impossible to do justice to his labours within the limits of an ordinary book-notice. We had hoped to devote an article to the subject, but, for the present, time fails us, and we must defer the execution of our intention until the appearance of the fourth volume, to be called *La Vierge Guerrière*, which we are glad to learn is in an advanced stage of preparation. In the meantime, we can at least embrace this opportunity of thanking Father Ayroles for his splendid contributions to historical literature, and of warmly congratulating him on the appreciation they have met with at the hands of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, whose cordially-worded Brief of commendation to the author is printed at the head of the present volume.

The principal interest of the pages before us is concentrated upon the work which Joan the Maid performed for the relief of her countrymen. It is consequently appropriately headed, *La Libératrice*. Here, again, as in the two previous volumes, Father Ayroles has neglected nothing. The reader is put in possession of all the documentary evidence, while the whole is so admirably arranged and presented that he never need succumb to that feeling of labyrinthine intricacy which so often oppresses us in works whose scope is equally vast. The editor, however, has by no means limited his task to the gathering together and revision of materials already given to the public. We have in the present instalment some most important inedited material taken from the journal of the young Venetian Morosini, preserved in the Vienna archives. We may add that the appearance of these extracts in this collection testifies indirectly

¹ *La Vraie Jeanne d'Arc*. Vol. III. *La Libératrice*. Par J. B. Ayroles, S.J. Paris: Gaume, 3, Rue de l'Abbaye, 1897.

to the high value set by French scholars upon Father Ayroles' researches. Through the influence of the Société de l'Histoire de la France, Father Ayroles obtained a privilege which as a simple Religious he could hardly have solicited for himself, viz., the loan for a time of the important MS. of Morosini, which was deposited to suit his convenience at the Bibliothèque Nationale de Paris.

Two excellent maps add to the value of this third volume, and in conclusion we can only express our admiration at the splendid typographical execution of the work, and at the fact that these huge tomes of 700 or 800 pages each can be issued to subscribers to the whole series at a cost of ten francs a volume.

2.—A CONCORDANCE ON HOLY SCRIPTURE.¹

The little Concordance on the New Testament, compiled by Père de Raze and others, has long been known, and we may safely call it the most convenient of Latin Concordances. Père de Raze projected an extension of his work so as to include the entire Bible, and although he himself died before he had done more than collect some materials, FF. Peultier, Étienne, and Gantois took up the enterprise, and now set before us the results of their labours. If a critic's appreciation of a volume under review were to be estimated by the length of his notice, this Concordance would have to be noticed at great length, for it is only necessary to test it by the principles set forth in the Preface, in order to realize how serviceable it is. It is divided into two parts, of which the first consists of one hundred and twenty-one Tables, which seem to embrace every possible subject-matter for tabulation to be found in the Bible, each entry being made in the words of Scripture which vouch for it. The second part is the concordance of words, in which De Raze's well-known method is followed, and particular care is taken, so far as possible, to make the portions of Scripture entered under any heading explain their meaning with sufficient clearness to render unnecessary a recourse to the Bible itself. The *Cursus Sacræ Scripturæ* is drawing near its completion, and two further volumes are announced as in the press—Father Knabenbauer's *St. John*, and Father Felchin's *Wisdom*.

¹ *Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ. Concordantiarum Universæ Sacræ Scripturæ Thesaurus.* Auctoribus PP. Peultier, Étienne, Gantois, S.J. Paris: Lethielleux.

3.—MORAL PRINCIPLES AND MEDICAL SCIENCE.¹

These are nine lectures, addressed to medical students, on certain salient points of morality to be observed by a doctor in his practice. The author writes as a priest, not as a physician; but he is careful to borrow his medical facts from the best and most recent sources. It is interesting to observe how the progress of science is rendering certain objectionable operations more and more undesirable, even from a mere material point of view. Sound hygiene and sound morality in the main march together. In one famous discussion we should like to see the argument about the "aggressor" dropped entirely. Once it is shown that an unborn child is a distinct personality from the mother, and not a mere *res parentis*, the "direct" killing of that child can never be allowed. On hypnotism Father Coppens gives this sound advice to the ordinary practitioner, who cannot afford to make himself a specialist in the subject: "Leave it alone; you are not likely to derive real benefit from it, and you are very likely to inspire your clients with distrust of you, when they see you deal with matters which have deserved a bad name on account of the charlatanism and the superstitious abuses usually connected with them." We wish every medical student would read this little book. In this season of gift-books, we commend it as a really profitable present to make to any young man about to walk the hospitals.

4.—SONGS OF SION.²

Mother Stanislaus MacCarthy, O.S.D., of Sion Hill Convent, Dublin, was the daughter of Denis Florence MacCarthy. Like her father, she had a poetic gift, as the many delicately worded verses in the volume before us testify. They are mostly *vers d'occasion*, suggested by the various events of the outside and inside world which interested the little world of Sisters and children dwelling within her convent walls. She does not seem to have ever contemplated publication, and never cared to revise and perfect her original efforts, which are only published after her too early death. They make a pleasant volume for a gift-book.

¹ *Moral Principles and Medical Science.* By the Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J. New York: Benziger.

² *Songs of Sion.* By Mary Stanislaus MacCarthy, O.S.D. Dublin: Browne and Nolan, 1898.

5.—THE LIFE OF BLESSED JOHN OF AVILA.¹

There are few men who have exercised so much influence upon the moral condition of their contemporaries as the humble ascetic whose life is recorded in the pages before us. It is not merely that Blessed John gave himself with incredible energy and success to missionary labours so that he was commonly known as the Apostle of Andalusia, but the work accomplished by him indirectly as one who was the spiritual adviser of the great Catholic reformers of his day, was even more wide reaching. If Spain was saved from the horrors of such internal dissensions as distracted France in the latter half of the sixteenth century, it was to John of Avila, and to the vast number of holy souls who looked to him as their master in spiritual science, that that happy result was largely due. We strongly recommend this little volume to our readers, not only as a record of a life most singularly favoured by God, but as shedding a useful light upon the religious condition of Spain in the earlier portion of the Reformation period. It supplements and completes in an interesting way the picture we may have derived from the history of St. Ignatius, of St. Teresa, and of St. John of God, all of whom were more or less intimately associated with the Blessed John of Avila. Although this biography by Father degli Oddi was written more than a century ago, and displays all the mannerisms of the Italian saints' lives belonging to that period, it was probably the best account of Blessed John which was available for the translator's purpose. The English version reads smoothly enough; a portrait of the *Beato* is prefixed to it, and in an Appendix are given one or two interesting documents which bear upon his relations with St. Ignatius and the Society of Jesus.

6.—THE MÉMOIRES OF COMTE FERRAND.²

The study of contemporary history is held to be a much more honourable and scientific undertaking upon the Continent than it is usually reckoned amongst ourselves. In Germany especially, some first-rate reputations for historical research have

¹ *The Life of the Blessed Master John of Avila, Secular Priest.* Translated from the Italian of Father degli Oddi, S.J. Edited by Father J. G. MacLeod, S.J. Quarterly Series. London: Burns and Oates, 1898.

² *Mémoires du Comte Ferrand* publiés par le Vicomte de Broc. Paris: A. Picard, 1897.

been made by writers who have hardly ever travelled out of the century in which we live. In France the Revolution not only supplies a theme of inexhaustible interest, but it seems to have stimulated the actors in those terrible scenes to a literary productiveness quite unparalleled at any other period. Despite the prodigious mass of material already accumulated, hardly a month goes by without the appearance of some new collection of *mémoires* or letters; most of them documents of real value for the fuller understanding of the times, and many of them distinguished by exceptional literary power. The Société d'Histoire Contemporaine has made itself responsible for the publication of some of the best of these family records; they are all admirably printed and edited, and for a subscription of twenty francs the members of the society are presented annually with three or four volumes of some four hundred pages each, which, while containing historical material of first-class importance, are not so painfully erudite as to be unreadable by the general public. The *Mémoires du Comte Ferrand* are a very good specimen of the work produced by the society. The author was a member of the Académie Française and Ministre de la Marine under Louis XVIII.; and the most important part of the volume is occupied with the history of the period from the fall of Napoleon to the year 1823. As an actor in the events which he describes, M. Ferrand speaks with great authority about matters of state, and his experience as a writer of history has invested his personal recollections with a certain literary charm. The volume has been carefully edited by M. le Vicomte de Broc, and it contains an admirably-executed photogravure of the writer of the *Mémoires*.

7.—THE ESSAYS OF MICHAEL, LORD OF MONTAIGNE.¹

The lovers of Montaigne, to whom Pascal and even Shakespere himself were indebted, will welcome this exquisite little six-volume edition of these immortal Essays, which lose nothing of their piquancy for being clothed in Florio's rich and quaint English of 1603. There are minds which find delight and repose in simplifying and generalizing, and are irritated by what is exceptional or irreducible to the known; Montaigne, on the contrary, loves all that is curious and irregular in human nature

¹ *The Essays of Michael, Lord of Montaigne.* Translated by John Florio. Temple Classics. London: J. M. Dent and Co., 1897.



and in himself; abhors monotonous uniformity; mistrusts and challenges all "judgments in the gross," and wavers airily between *yea* and *nay* on every question that presents itself. Too impartial, indifferent, unzealous, ever to reach the truth, for which a man must labour through so many errors, he was content to be free from the narrownesses of his day and to observe much that hasty theorists were blind to. In this most English-minded of Frenchmen, as in one born out of due time, the modern spirit with its strength and weakness was already incarnate in the sixteenth century.

8.—THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.¹

Father Gretton has brought out a new and revised edition of the well-known Manual, which will be very welcome to the large multitudes who have learnt to value so highly the League of the Apostleship of Prayer. It is well known that last year Leo XIII. revised in some particulars the constitutions of the League, in the hope of giving a further stimulus to a work in which he had always taken a special interest. These new rules are set down and explained in the Manual. In an interesting chapter, Father Gretton has given a little historical account of the origin of the Apostleship in the Scholasticate of the Society of Jesus at Vals. This was in 1844, and who would have predicted that by 1897, it would have become a world-wide organization, with more probably than twenty-five millions of Associates? May it thrive and spread even more in the years to come, for it is marvellous how it succeeds, by the use of the simplest means, in creating and maintaining the spiritual life in the hearts of those who practise it.

9.—THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.²

These two books, one by a Capuchin, the other by a Jesuit, have different objects, and were written at very different periods. The former is intended for the faithful at large, the latter for

¹ *The Handbook of the Apostleship of Prayer.* New and Revised Edition. Wimbledon: Messenger Office.

² Cochem's *Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass*, with a Preface by the Right Rev. Camillus P. Maes, D.D., Bishop of Covington. New York: Benziger. *The Sacrifice of the Holy Mass worthily celebrated.* From the French of the Rev. Father Chaignon, S.J. By the Right Rev. L. de Goesbrand, D.D., Bishop of Burlington, Vt. New York: Benziger.

priests alone. The former was written nearly three hundred years ago, the latter is comparatively modern. The former is rather designed for conveying instruction than for exhortation, the latter seeks to persuade rather than to convey information. Yet each book is admirable of its kind, and much to be recommended, both to lay and clerical readers.

We will take Father Cochem's volume first of all. It is a thorough and beautiful explanation of Holy Mass. After a brief summary of the excellence and nature of Holy Mass, it explains, in seven most instructive and beautiful chapters, how the whole of our Lord's life on earth, from His Incarnation to His Ascension into Heaven, is renewed in the Holy Sacrifice. The author then compares the Mass with the various sacrifices of the Old Law, and shows how it is alike and corresponds to the Burnt-offering, the Sin-offering, Thank-offering, and the rest. After this follows a detailed explanation of the countless benefits that it confers on us both in life and in death, and the book concludes with other aspects of Holy Mass of practical utility, an account of the meaning of its ceremonies, and various methods of hearing Mass with profit and devotion. The teaching is, throughout, most solid, the style is varied and interesting, it is excellently translated (indeed no one would know that it is a translation), and it is interspersed with stories very much to the point, which are to the ordinary reader a pleasant change and source of interest in a book which is mainly doctrinal. We have said that Father Cochem's book is intended for the faithful at large, but the clergy will find therein a most productive treasure-house of instructions on Holy Mass; and what priest is there who has not occasion, nay who is not bound from time to time, to discourse to his people on the central act of worship, and the most wonderful mystery of the whole Catholic Faith.

Father Chaignon's book is no less admirable of its kind. It too is based on the fact of Holy Mass being the chief means of grace vouchsafed by our Lord to His Church. But Father Chaignon considers it directly and immediately in its bearing on the life of the priest who offers the sacrifice, as a means of his sanctification, and as the greatest of all the privileges, and also of all the responsibilities, belonging to his priestly office. Hence he divides his work into two parts: in the first he treats of the preparation, remote and proximate, required for the worthy celebration of the august Mysteries;

and in the second, he carries the priest through Holy Mass, giving a number of suggestions for the promotion of a devout celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, and useful hints and explanations of the words used and the accompanying ceremonies. Why is it, for instance, that in the mixing of the chalice a very minute quantity of water (*aqua modicissima*) is to be employed? "It is," answers Father Chaignon, quoting from some ancient Council, "in order that the majesty of the Blood of Jesus Christ should there superabound more than the frailty of humanity symbolized by the water;" a practical and devotional explanation that many a priest may never have adverted to.

In the Preface to Father Chaignon's work, Dr. Goesbrand, who seems to have himself translated it, tells us that he considers the book so admirable a one, that he feels inclined to say to every priest on earth, *Tolle, lege*. This advice we most heartily re-echo.

IO.—CANON LAW.¹

Professor Santi died in 1885. The Lectures in Canon Law, which he used to give in the Pontifical Seminary at Rome, were first published in 1884, and are now reprinted. The first volume contains interesting information about the various Roman Congregations, about Cardinals, Bishops, Ordinations, Diocesan Synods, the Pallium, and about customs and laws in general. The book contains all the recent decrees on the subjects of which it treats. Thus the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, November 4, 1892, on the position of ex-Religious in Holy Orders, is printed in full, and well explained. The volume would be useful to any one who had to act as adviser to a Bishop. But it would never discharge that function which it is impossible for a book to discharge, of teaching canon law to a person who had not sat at the feet of any living teacher of the subject. The second volume is entirely taken up with judicial procedure. The interesting subject of Matrimony finds hardly any place in these volumes.

¹ *Prelectiones Juris Canonici, quas tradebat Franciscus Santi.* 2 vols. 468, 296 pp. Ratislon: Pustet.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Confession and Communion is by the author of *First Communion*, and when this fact is mentioned, further recommendation is hardly necessary. Indeed we understand that the demand for it is already considerable. Father Thurston writes a Preface, in which he explains that the object has been to provide a little variety of bright and fresh thoughts for use in the hours when the soul is afflicted either by spiritual aridity or physical lassitude. One feature in the little volume which ought not to pass unnoticed is that it contains a new English translation of the *Adoro te devote*, quite the best that we have seen. Messrs. Burns and Oates are the publishers.

Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen send an *edition de luxe* of the *Imitation of Christ*. It is on rice paper, with an artistically gilded vellum binding, and some excellent electric engravings. Just the book for a present, in fact, were it not that the text is that of the doctored Protestant version. Is not that version somewhat unnecessary in these days, seeing that even non-Catholic readers would mostly prefer to read, "when a *priest* celebrates," instead of "when a *minister* celebrates," and would prefer to retain the words, "procures rest for the dead," after "helpeth the living"?¹

We are glad to have good proof of the esteem in which the devotional work, *Jesus the All-Beautiful*, is generally held, by the recent publication of the third edition. It is sold largely in America, and has been translated into French by two different hands. This book forms one of the Quarterly Series, and is published by Burns and Oates, and by Messrs. Benziger Brothers, New York.

The Catholic Truth Society, besides some more *Wayside Tales*, a second number of the Bishop of Clifton's *Catholics and Nonconformists*, Father Bampfield's *Deacon Douglas*, and a leaflet entitled *Pilgrimages*, sends *A Bible Picture Book*, by Lady

¹ Bk. iv. ch. v.

Amabel Kerr, arranged for Catholic children. Each of the prominent events of Scripture history is taught by means of a picture, with a short explanation appended to it. The pictures, 133 in number, are truly artistic and full of life, and the explanations are in that easy and yet condensed style which the authoress is so well able to use, and children are so well able to understand.

The *Mungret Annual*¹ for Christmas, 1897, is the first number of a little magazine, which the students of Mungret Apostolic College propose to bring out annually, that it may be a bond of union between past and present alumni. It is a very creditable start, and we wish it all success. Both Past and Present contribute from their stores, and there are plenty of photographs of the College and those connected with it. Youthful readers will be interested to learn from it that in Flemish the full name for a bicycle is "Gewielsnelrijrocttrapp-naudneusbrekergestel." The *Xavier* is another school magazine, belonging to St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, which is now in its ninth volume; and, as we are mentioning school magazines, we must include the *Stonyhurst Magazine* and the *Beaumont Review*, each of which we regularly receive and always enjoy. It is nice to see our young people so satisfactorily learning how to express their thoughts in words. The *Madonna* is a new magazine which comes all the way from Melbourne, where it professes to be the organ of the Children of Mary. Its first number is promising.

The circumstances of this country, where Catholics are so intermingled with non-Catholics, and the national literature is mostly in the hands of the latter, make it questionable whether the positive law of the Church in regard to forbidden books would not, if enforced, do more harm than good. It may be then that the Holy See does not wish to press upon us the observance of this new law any more than of the old. Still we must remember that even the natural law obliges us all to abstain from reading books dangerous to our faith and morals. It is good therefore that we should know something about the Index, and the recent revision of the ecclesiastical law concerning it. In this sense the Abbé Périès' little Commentary on the Constitution *Officiorum*² may be of use to English readers.

¹ Limerick: Guy and Co., Limited.

² *L'Index, Commentaire de la Constitution Apostolique "Officiorum."* Par M. l'Abbé G. Périès. Paris: Roger et Chernoviz 7 Rue des Grands-Augustins.

*The Diurnal of the Soul*¹ is a little collection for daily reading of pious deeds and thoughts, which are mostly those of saints. The book is of Camadolese origin, and the late Ambrose Phillips de Lisle became acquainted with it when on a visit to the Camadolese Monastery near Naples. He accordingly translated it, and the translation now passes into a second edition.

*The Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin*² might perhaps be more appropriately named, "Illustrated Meditations on the Blessed Virgin." Some things are recorded of our Blessed Lady in the Gospels. But these are not sufficient for a complete Life, and accordingly the author has to draw for the rest upon his pious imagination. Such an exercise of the imagination is no doubt good and healthy, provided we be careful not to claim too much for speculations which may not always be as sure as we think them. These conditions Father Rohner seems to have kept in view, and he has also enriched his volume with some excellent illustrations.

*Sister Apolline Andriveau*³ was the French Sister of Charity who was instrumental in introducing the Devotion of the Red Scapular. The present volume gives a short account of her life and also fifty-one of her letters, which are those of a very saintly soul. Sister Apolline died only in 1894.

*Crown Jewels*⁴ is a series of sketches of the lives of the Queens of England since the Conquest. The authoress tells me that she has compiled it chiefly from Mrs. Strickland. Lady Herbert writes a Preface, in which she says that "each (sketch) is thoroughly appreciative." This also will be the reader's feeling. All our Queens seem to have merited the name of "gentle." Even the "she-wolf of France," we are told, was an estimable character, except during the eight years when she was under the influence of Mortimer. And even Caroline of Anspach, the wife of George II., the Queen who figures in the *Heart of Midlothian*, becomes an attached wife, whose husband "retained his devoted love to her until her death in 1736." In Catharine of Braganza and Mary of Modena the authoress had two Queens well worthy of all her laudation, and she has given an interesting account of them.

¹ *The Diurnal of the Soul*. Translated from the Italian. By the late Ambrose Lisle, Marche Phillips de Lisle. Art and Book Company.

² *Illustrated Life of B.V.M.* By the Rev. B. Rohner, O.S.B. Adapted by Richard Brennan, LL.D. New York: Benziger.

³ *Sister Apolline Andriveau*. With Preface by Lady Herbert. London: Art and Book Company.

⁴ *Crown Jewels*. London: Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

II.—MAGAZINES.

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. (I. 1898.)

The Conference at Regensburg in 1601. *H. Hirschmann*. Remarks on the Formal-Object of the Second and Third Theological Virtues. *Father Krönnichs, S.J.* The Certainty of the natural knowledge of God. *L. Lescher, S.J.* Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (January 1 and 15.)

The Genesis of the Statute of Charles Albert. To German Rationalism and the way back. Who do the Churches belong to? Text of the Encyclical to the Canadian Bishops. *Clement VIII.* and *Sinan Bassà Cicala*. Reviews, &c.

The ÉTUDES (January 5 and 20.)

The Russian advance into Asia. *H. Prélot*. Madaba the City of Mosaics. *H. Lammens*. Japan. *M. de Ratszenhausen*. Poetry and Verses. *H. Martin*. Bourdaloue as he was. *H. Chérot*. The Jewish Inscription of K' Ai-Fong-Fou. *J. Tobar*. Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (January.)

Matthias von Liegnitz and Nicolas Stör von Schwednitz. *Dr. A. Franz*. The recently discovered sayings of Jesus. *Dr. G. Esser*. The St. Augustine Centenary in England. *Dr. Bellesheim*. Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (January.)

Agricultural Societies. *C. Bader*. Father Hecker. *M. de Marcey*. Ruskin and the Religion of Beauty. *Abbé Delfour*. Recent Works on Holy Scripture. *E. Jacquier*. Reviews, &c.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (January.)

The Twelve Books on the Trinity attributed to Vigilius of Thapsus. *Dom G. Morin*. Some of Dom Calmet's Correspondents. *Dom U. Berlière*. Chromatics and Plain Chant. *Dom H. Gaisser*. Reviews, &c.



Anglican Criticisms on the "Vindication."

THE *Vindication* has now been for some six weeks before the public, and has attracted considerable attention. It has become possible, therefore, to review the criticisms to which it has been subjected, and to consider their value.

That the Bishops write in an earnest and friendly spirit, has been very generally acknowledged. The *Times*, indeed, has struck an opposite note, and has pronounced the style of the *Vindication* to be the smart style of an evening journalist, rather than the dignified style which becomes Christian Bishops. But it is not likely that our Bishops would have set their hands to language open to this reproach, nor do the two phrases to which alone the *Times* appeals bear out its contention. In one of their paragraphs the Bishops have occasion to allude to "that liberty of private judgment which is so much appreciated in your (the Anglican) communion." Surely there is nothing here of "scoring off" opponents; nothing but a plain reference to an acknowledged fact. There are still, no doubt, some in the Anglican communion who would enforce on all its members adherence to a single doctrinal standard, but the growing tendency among Anglicans is to claim that each party shall live and let live, and to regard this "comprehensiveness" as their Church's special glory. No less a person than the Bishop of London, if we recollect rightly, expressed himself to this effect a few months ago. The other phrase in the *Vindication* which displeased the *Times* reviewer, as it has no doubt displeased many other critics, is the phrase near the commencement, in which the Bishops describe themselves as "the appointed representatives of the Catholic Church in this country," and claim the Archbishops' *Responsio* as having been addressed to them. But it is difficult to see how they could have been expected to speak otherwise. The *Responsio* was addressed "to the whole body of Bishops of the Catholic Church," and it was not presumable that it wished to exclude from this number the prelates whom